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## *Henry Ford Conquers Russia*

How does it happen that America's richest capitalist should win an amazing popularity in Soviet Russia? The story of his triumph will be told in next week's issue of The Outlook.

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Harold T. Pulsifer, *President and Managing Editor*
Nathan T. Pulsifer, *Vice-President*
Ernest Hamlin Abbott, *Editor-in-Chief and Secretary*
Lawrence F. Abbott, *Contributing Editor*

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# The Outlook

Volume 146 June 22, 1927 Number 8

## Lindbergh, the Symbol

FOR one long hour there was the tramp of an armed host up the length of Manhattan Island from the City Hall to Central Park. Marines, sailors, Naval Reserves, the spotless uniforms of the Seventh Infantry, the olive drab of the "Fighting Sixty-ninth," the rolling of guns, the tentative prancing of would-be chargers under the abundant weight of beribboned officers, and then at the tail of the procession, an open car bearing the hero of the hour. He sat on the folded top, beside the dapper figure of New York's Mayor. There was Jimmy Walker, his top hat pushed back at a theatrical angle, his cutaway, token of the younger Tammany generation which has abandoned the traditional frock-coat of its elder statesmen, and at his side the slender figure of a youth, gazing with puzzled eyes at the roaring throngs. One glimpse of Lindbergh was enough indeed to understand the triumphal progress of his fame about the world. He is more than an aviator who has flown across the wide reaches of the Atlantic; he is a symbol of all the brave imaginings of youth.

See a motion picture of Lindbergh as he came down the gangplank of the Memphis, follow him to the stand before the Washington Monument, study any picture which shows him surrounded by admiring dignitaries, study not his face alone but the faces of those who are with him. You will find in all those faces a tribute that is warmer than any admiration. It speaks the response of the world to all that is simple, clean, and courageous in the spirit of our modern life.

When "the tumult and the shouting dies," there will remain from Lindbergh's achievement something more than the memory of a momentary emotion. To the art and science that he loves there will be a new impetus, a new impulse for the service of the needs of mankind. For mankind itself there will be a freshened understanding of the enduring qualities that make life worth living, a strengthened faith in the wise courage that makes living a high adventure.

Keystone

**New York's fire-fighting navy pays its tribute to the hero of the Paris flight, and incidentally keeps the crowded craft of New York Harbor at a safe distance**

## Flag Day

THE sesquicentennial of the American flag has fallen at an auspicious moment. It is fitting that we should have celebrated such an occasion at a time when the flag had been carried to new honors, and that the American conquest which the Nation was honoring on Flag Day was a conquest not of National enemies but of the elements. The Congressional committee which in 1777 adopted the Stars and Stripes as the emblem of the struggling Republic could scarcely have dreamed that shortly before its 150th birthday the American flag would be carried by air to the capital of its French allies.

Of the origin of our flag there is no authentic record other than the resolution passed by Congress in session in Philadelphia on June 14, 1777: *"Resolved,* That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." Historians have been able to shed little light on this obscure birth, and in their search for contemporary comment have only succeeded in disproving our old legends. It is their sad conclusion that whoever did design the flag, it is highly improbable that either George Washington or Betsy Ross had any hand in it. Old Glory was born in committee, the Marine Committee of the Continental Congress.

One of the significant celebrations of



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Flag Day was the ceremony in which France and the United States joined hands at the Statue of Liberty. In honor of the flag which symbolized the cause for which they fought together the torch of Liberty was officially lit and burned throughout the day.

## Vice-President Dawes Talks on Diplomacy

VICE-PRESIDENT DAWES speaks from experience in his advocacy of drafting National leaders for the important diplomatic missions of the United States. His own record in Europe gives fine point to all that he may say of the proved usefulness of men of affairs in public life. The "new diplomacy," he points out, demands that the United States be represented abroad by men at least equal in ability and prestige to their foreign colleagues.

By "new diplomacy" General Dawes does not mean any revolutionary change in the purpose and object of diplomatic negotiations, but negotiations more direct, frank, and personal than those which were possible when they were "conducted by diplomatic agents acting under delegated authority at a distance." It was during the war that necessity required quick and common-sense agreements between allies, and therefore prime ministers or foreign ministers or others of highest authority, unlimited by written instructions, formed the habit of meeting and making final decisions. Necessity also eliminated men "constitutionally unable to relinquish individual or national power for the demonstrative common good," and forced into leading diplomatic positions men accustomed to making decisions in great affairs.

The United States, therefore, should, in General Dawes's opinion, not so limit itself in its policy of promoting career men as to be unable to call upon its best and ablest men wherever they may be found to protect its interests and to urge international policies that are just to other countries.

## Diplomacy—A Career for the Right Men

THERE will be little disagreement with either Vice-President Dawes's criticism of the emphasis laid on forms by professional diplomats or his opposition to purely political appointments.

The point that may be raised, however, is whether it would not be wiser to attract to our diplomatic service men of such caliber that they can successfully carry the responsibility of their posts, rather than completely to discourage "career men" by a policy of special appointments for all difficult tasks. For certain missions representatives drawn from outside the ranks of diplomacy may be advisable, but in general it seems paradoxical to hold that the responsibilities of the new diplomacy are too heavy for our "career men" when the weakness of our service may more properly be attributed to a former policy of not offering them responsibility. The aim of the State Department should be to build up representation abroad able to uphold the interests and prestige of the United States and to make diplomacy a career attractive to the right men. This is its present program. Like Vice-President Dawes, we find little quarrel with our present representatives.

Other countries, notably Great Britain, have been able to establish diplomacy as a career worthy of any man's life-work and at the same time have remained free to call upon men of affairs for diplomatic service. The United States should be able to do likewise. American diplomacy does not need to be intrusted either to the rich patron of a political party or to the mere diplomatic bureaucrat. The Vice-President has again employed his gift of candid criticism to good purpose. His outspoken address should arouse our diplomats to slough off the excessive formalism and slavery to routine of which he complains.

## Prosperity and Economy

A LARGE surplus in the Treasury of the United States at the close of the fiscal year on June 30, together with the prospect of a smaller but very considerable surplus for 1928, holds out a promise, according to the President, of the reduction not only of interest charges on the public debt but also of direct taxes. The Director of the Budget, General Lord, likened the efforts on behalf of economy which have resulted in this surplus to his experience as a boy in bailing out a small boat that was almost swamped in a rough and choppy sea off the coast of Maine. The water kept coming in from the waves that dashed over the gunwales and from the leaks in the craft, but the water went out as fast as it came in. There have been waves of new expenditure due to new legislation and the growth of Federal business; but bailing and stopping the leaks have kept the Governmental boat afloat—and there has been some gain. As the President wisely says, the Federal Government, in both its legislative and executive branches, has set an example to State governments and even to other nations.

That the surplus is greater than the estimate in the Budget transmitted to Congress last December is not due to any material error in the estimate of revenue. The fact is that the variation between the estimate and the actual receipts amounts to less than one-half of one per cent. The difference is due to other factors—notably the failure of the second deficiency bill, the reduction in tax refunds due to a change in the revenue law, and a revision of the amount chargeable to debt retirement on account of the non-ratification of the French debt settlement. It is clear that some of this surplus will therefore have to be used in the present fiscal year instead of the one that has just ended. There will be also a special demand upon the resources of the Government in providing for farm relief and for the control of floods.

These facts were brought out by the President and the Director of the Budget at the thirteenth meeting of the business organization of the Government. The results have been made possible by co-ordination of the various agencies in the Federal service. This spirit of working together has been fostered by the meetings of Government employees and reflects great credit upon these employees, of whom the country hears little but to whom it owes much.

## What Are Business Leaders Worth to the Workers?

IN these highly organized days few statistics go to waste. Many agencies are interested in the revelations concerning the economic structure that are latent in routine compilations of figures.

Thus one particularly significant fact has come to the attention of The Outlook from the Federal income tax returns for 1924, in connection with other statistics supplied by the National Industrial Conference Board. It is this: If all the persons in the United States whose tax returns showed incomes of $5,000 or more from wages and salaries had divided their incomes in excess of $5,000 among all the persons whose salaries or wages were less than $5,000, the increase in each of the latter incomes would have been only about $22 a year, or 40 cents a week. According to the Bureau of Internal Revenue, 200,751 persons whose incomes from salaries and wages exceeded $5,000 received $1,682,783,400 in 1924. If all of those persons had received only exactly $5,000, their salary income would have been $1,003,755,000, leaving $679,028,400 to be distributed among the lower-paid workers of the country, estimated by the National Bureau of Economic Research as numbering 30,740,000 in 1921.

Similar calculations from manufacturing salaries and railroad salaries are based on less comprehensive statistics;

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Springfield, Missouri

# What say ye, countrymen ?

*(2 Henry VI, Act IV, Scene 8)*

*Morris in the Hartford Courant*

**The slaughter of the innocent**

From M. I. Bartlett, East Hartford, Conn.

*Shoemaker in the Kansas City Times*

Copyright, 1927

**Easy trick if you know how**

From Miss Madge Sullivant, Kansas City, Mo.

*Knott in the Dallas News*

WELL, WHEN IT RAINS ITS TOO WET TO FIX IT AND WHEN IT'S DRY WE DON'T NEED A ROOF
GOVERNMENT
MISSISSIPPI VALLEY POPULATION
PERIODICAL FLOODS
Knott

**The shiftless attitude of the past**

From M. M. Kornfeld, Dallas, Texas

*Brown in the Kansas City Times*

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**The real Black Hills of South Dakota**

From Miss Madge Sullivant, Kansas City, Mo.

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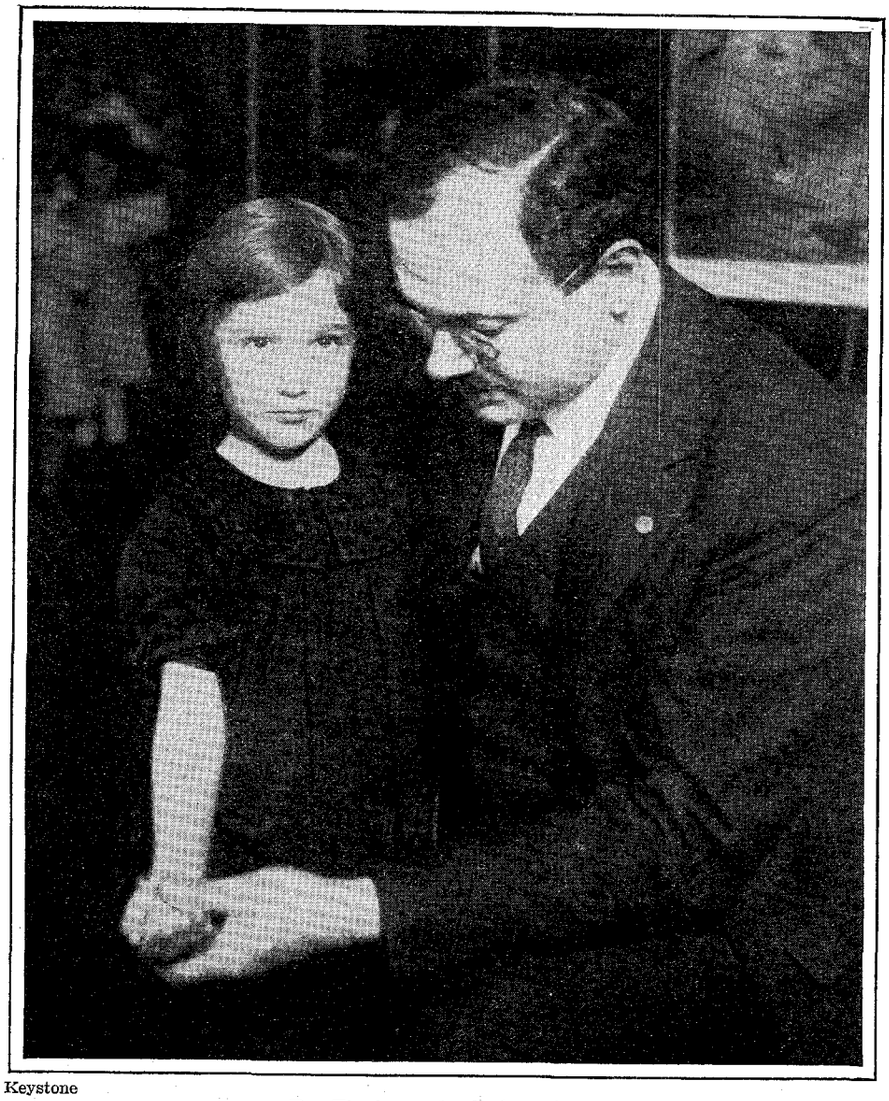

Keystone

**Dr. Zingher and a little patient**

but they indicate that the addition which would accrue to the lower salaries by curtailing those above $5,000 would be even substantially less than in the case of the figures for all enterprises—because the high-salaried employees in manufacturing and the railroads constitute a smaller percentage of the whole number than in the average of all occupations.

What does this mean? It means that the large number of lower-salaried employees support without any appreciable loss of their proper share of the proceeds of their work the payment of the high salaries necessary to obtain the specialized abilities essential to maintaining and expanding their businesses. It means, in other words, that employees who receive less than $5,000 a year are contributing only about $22 a year of the premium necessary to keep the services of the men who make all the salaries of the business possible. There are ins and outs to the situation; for instance, $5,000 is an arbitrary line of distinction; but, even with a good deal of latitude in the interpretation of the statistics, this seems to be one answer to the question of economic democracy.

## Unhonored and Unsung

THE death at the age of forty-two of Dr. Abraham Zingher, a noted bacteriologist who was assistant director of the Bureau of Laboratories of New York, marks but another victim in the list of scientific pioneers whose lives are quietly spent in self-effacing study and are so often sacrificed to the cause they serve.

Dr. Zingher was found dead at his laboratory bench in the Willard Parker Hospital in New York City. It seemed apparent that he had dozed off while waiting for his test tube to heat and had been asphyxiated when the tube of a Bunsen burner accidentally became disconnected. His constant experimentation had so accustomed him to the smell of gas that he probably never awoke from his doze.

Among his scientific achievements he was largely responsible for the perfection of the Schick test for diphtheria and directed the successful inoculation of thousands of school-children. More recently his researches were directed toward a similar perfection and utilization of the scarlet-fever anti-toxin.

That man has been able to wage such an increasingly successful fight against disease and that the infant mortality rate is being steadily lowered are due to the obscure experiments of such men as Dr. Zingher. Their work is inevitably little known and little honored by the people whom they labor to serve, and it is often only their death which suddenly reminds us of what we owe them.

## The Glory That Was Greece

HOW far should international courtesy require one country to undo its ancient act by which another country still feels itself injured? The British Government has been asked to return to Greece certain art and archæological treasures which have been in the British Museum for about a century and a quarter.

The specified objects are a caryatid and a portico column which originally stood in Athens's Erechtheum. They were acquired by Lord Elgin together with the famous Elgin marbles of the Parthenon.

The appeal comes from Alexandros Philadelphus, "former director of the Acropolis and ephor of the antiquities of Attica." Mr. Philadelphus, while he deplores the fact that the immortal Parthenon was deprived of its superb sculptures, recognizes that those art treasures must remain where they are, but urges that the caryatid and column were not in the same category. It is admitted that an act of Parliament would be required to authorize the return.

It will be remembered that Lord Elgin was England's Ambassador to Turkey in 1801, and that he then secured from the Porte a firman, or decree, giving him permission to make drawings and cuts of ancient sculptures, and also forbidding any interference with him in "taking away any pieces of stone with inscriptions or figures." That this last grant was liberally interpreted every one who has seen the superb collection in the British Museum knows. Lord Elgin paid about $350,000 for the entire collection and sold it to the British Government for about half that.

It was of this transaction that Byron in "Childe Harold" wrote "The walls defaced, the moldering shrines, removed by British hands." The present request is not sweeping, but it is felt by many art lovers that it might open the door to further demands. Neither the Greek

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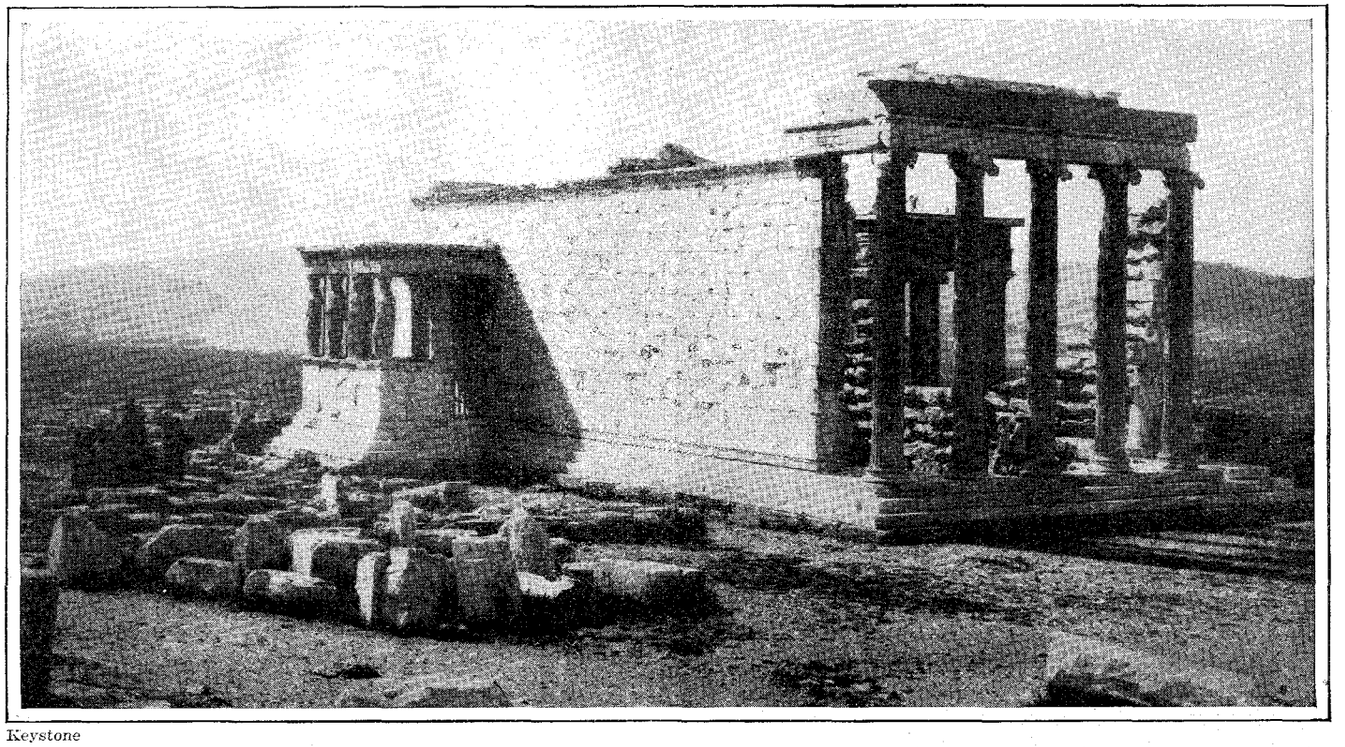

Keystone

**The Erechtheum on the Acropolis at Athens. It was from this building that Lord Elgin took the caryatid now in the British Museum**

people nor any Greek Government ever authorized the transfer of these art treasures. Greece was then enslaved under Turkey. The act was that of Turkish officials, who despised Greece and as Mohammedans disapproved of plastic art representing men, women, or gods.

## A Quiet Irish Election

WHEN we remember what was going on in Ireland only five years ago in the way of civil war, the mere fact that the recent election for members of the Irish Parliament was peaceful and quiet is in itself significant.

Even the heated arguments as to what the result of the election will be are matters of words and not blows. One beneficial effect of the system of proportionate representation in political elections is that the returns are so complicated by arithmetical processes that the country has time to quiet down before the precise meaning of the election is clear.

A little more than a week after the general elections of the Irish Free State it appeared that out of the total number of seats in the Dail—namely, 152—the result was known in 117 cases. There were eight parties involved, but only three are important enough to consider. The supporters of the Government policies and of President Cosgrave won 36 of the 117 contests reported; the Fianna Fail, which is the party of De Valera, had 34 seats; the Labor Party, which has been increasing in strength in Ireland, had 20 seats.

This situation (which will not be greatly altered by the final returns) shows that the Government has suffered a loss. Although the Government appears now to be in a minority, the supporters of the Constitution form a majority. While it is not probable, therefore, that President Cosgrave will attempt to carry on separately, it is probable that a combination of the smaller parties, together with Cosgrave's followers, will form a coalition, through which a moderate Government may be carried on. All this situation is quite constitutional and nothing more or less than what has repeatedly happened in the British Parliament. The extremists in Ireland will renew the fight to abrogate that condition of the Free State Constitution which requires a member of the Dail to swear allegiance to King George. As a matter of fact, under the present Government Ireland to all intents and purposes is as free as Canada or Australia. The "die-hards" who will never be satisfied with anything short of absolute independence for Ireland have little likelihood in the present prosperous and comparatively comfortable condition in Ireland either of achieving that end or of removing the perfectly formal condition of adherence to the throne.

## France Sets Out to Redeem the Franc

PREMIER POINCARÉ has proposed to issue a new loan of ten billion francs, which would permit the retirement of an equal amount of bank notes. Briefly, the scheme as reported means practically the conversion of ten billion francs of paper currency into Government bonds. Obviously, the result would be to raise the standing of the French franc, since with less paper currency outstanding the credit of the Government would be improved. It remains to be seen whether the determined Premier can carry through his plan. He has been equal to other national emergencies in France, and he may be able to lead the way out of the currency depression.

The step, if it is taken, is a move on the way back toward resuming the gold standard for payment of the obligations represented by the inflated currency. The Government took one step when it set the value of the franc at four cents and offered to buy foreign currency and bills at that rate. The result was that French private banks placed large foreign currency credits to the account of the Government without, however, actually being paid in francs. The printing of more francs was thus avoided, but the Government naturally became subject to possible calls for payment from the banks. The proposal for a new loan apparently is part of a Government program designed to get rid of this risk by securing new capital from popular subscription. If it is put into effect, it will afford a significant test of the financial reserve strength of the French nation.

## Traffic Lessons for Pedestrians

PARIS has a new Chief of Police, M. Jean Chiappe, who believes that he can educate the pedestrians up to saving

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their own lives in the streets. This is enough to brand M. Chiappe as a humorist. Traffic conditions in Paris are thoroughly comic.

In the first place, since the streets curve, change their directions, and end in "impasses," a system of lights operating over long distances, such as is possible on Broadway or Fifth Avenue, New York, for instance, is impossible. Then the speed with which taxis are driven makes existence outside them only a fraction less dangerous than riding within them. It is admitted that only a suicide would ever tell a Parisian taxi-driver to go fast. After that comes the fact that traffic going north and south, or east and west, never stops simultaneously. As the nicely dressed little policeman raises his club to stop the north-bound traffic, at his back the south-bound whizzes by. He turns and stops the south-bound, and off goes the other. The result is that the pedestrian lingers long on the curb, eventually advances gingerly to the center of the street, waits there from five to ten minutes, and accomplishes the dash to the farther side.

Any American policeman would present "tickets" to half the motorists in Paris in a day. It is a frequent occurrence for as many as five or six cars to go by after the traffic signal to stop has been given. Meanwhile the policeman whistles frantically, and eventually apparently some one feels sorry for him and stops.

More frequently, however, the police make practically no effort to control the vehicles or the pedestrians. Five men may be on duty in a line at the Etoile at six o'clock in the evening, and in that amazing circle there will be a perfect bedlam of motors, omnibuses, surface cars, and pedestrians which not one of the five will make the slightest motion to control.

As for rules against "jay-walking," no signs exist, and no one has ever been seen to be warned against it. To cross in the middle of a block is so very slightly more hazardous than crossing at the corners that it makes little difference.

M. Chiappe intends to rise superior to this situation, however. On May 19 he stationed officials of the force, aided by members of the Society for the Protection of Pedestrians (and Heaven knows they need to be protected!), at six important points in the city, where they lectured to those who would listen on how they should cross the streets. And while they talked the automobiles rolled on.

It is more to the point, however, that traffic policemen in Paris are all being sent to automobile schools, so that they may learn to drive, start, and stop the automobiles which they attempt to direct all day long. Stop them from behind the wheel they may. The question which interests the pedestrians is, Can they be taught to stop them with a whistle instead of a brake?

Last year there were 473 deaths from motors running over pedestrians in Paris. All that can be said is that the average walker is possessed of remarkable agility in escaping.

## After the Crisis

INSTEAD of thousands, the lives lost in the Mississippi flood may be numbered in a few hundreds. Even those, except for six lives lost outside of Louisiana, all perished in the first onset of the flood, before the work of protection and rescue was organized by Secretary Herbert Hoover. These are the simple facts given out with the announcement of his resignation as flood relief dictator, by Louisiana's eminent citizen and former Governor, John M. Parker.

When Governor Parker's interview was published in The Outlook for June 1, the danger to life as well as property was real. Now that danger has ended. Americans have a genius for organizing quickly and effectively in emergencies; but that genius consists in finding and obeying competent leaders. Such men as Herbert Hoover and John M. Parker are symbols of American democracy. They come to the front when danger calls, find themselves leaders of the people, find also at hand adjutants and willing followers, and then, when the emergency ends, retire. What happened in the Mississippi flood was precisely, on a different scale, what happened when the United States joined the World War. That is what has always made and always will make America formidable in a crisis.

But the test of American democracy does not end when the crisis ends. The flood has subsided; but the Mississippi remains. What are we as a people going to do hereafter with that mighty river? Are we going to fall back into the old way of building levees that occasionally break? Or are we going to organize permanently for the safeguarding of life and property in the region where both property and life have been periodically endangered and destroyed?

The kind of leadership needed for the times when a crisis is past is different from that needed in the crisis itself. It is the leadership, not of quick organization and of mobilization, but of the long look ahead and of scientific planning.

Have we Americans the patience and the foresight to begin now to plan for what may have to be carried on for ten or twenty years, or for a generation, or longer? This is the question which is raised by Mr. Merritt's article in this issue as well as by the two articles of his that have preceded it, and by the two articles in The Outlook for June 8 and 15 by Mr. John R. Freeman, who is generally regarded as the highest authority on hydraulic engineering in the country. The one great need in solving what Mr. Freeman calls "the biggest and most costly reclamation project in the world" is investigation—"patient investigation in field and laboratory."

One outcome of the experience in this flood should be the creation of such a hydraulic laboratory as Mr. Freeman has suggested.

There are hydraulic laboratories now in the United States, but none precisely of the sort that Mr. Freeman proposes. To describe such a laboratory in detail is not our purpose, nor is it likely to be of interest or profit to any but technical engineers. Mr. Freeman has described such a laboratory in an article originally printed in the "Proceedings of the American Society of Civil Engineers" for August, 1923, and reprinted in pamphlet form. The point is that such a laboratory enables the investigator to separate factors in the action of water and study them as one may study the action of chemicals in a chemical laboratory, to make exact measurements, and to control conditions. As Mr. Freeman says, "A week's work with a model, in which changes of shape and position can be readily made, at a total cost of a few hundred dollars, may tell more than six months' time and $10,000 spent on an experimental dike or groyne in the field." For example, to quote again from Mr. Freeman: "In certain experiments, clear water can be circulated, into which dark-colored sand grains of various sizes are sifted and allowed to flow over a contrasting bed of plaster of paris, and special illumination in an optical plane, similar to that used with the ultra-microscope, can be used in connection with a high-speed motion-picture camera, to study the intricate laws of vortex motion and the formation of such swirls and vortices as are often observed on the surface and appear to come from some obstruction at the bottom." Mr. Freeman lists sixty-five different studies as among those which could be made in

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such a laboratory. One piece of legislation which Congress might well enact at its forthcoming session would be a measure establishing a United States hydraulic laboratory at Washington.

## One Law for All

LAST week The Outlook called upon the Department of Justice to make an investigation and a clear-cut statement as to the reason why Earl Carroll was in a hospital at Greenville, South Carolina, instead of in the prison hospital of the Federal Penitentiary of Atlanta. Earl Carroll, it will be remembered, is the New York theatrical producer convicted of perjury, whose journey from Broadway to Atlanta was somewhat strangely interrupted by a sudden and unexpected illness.

Before The Outlook's editorial had issued from the press the word came from Washington that Earl Carroll was being transported to Atlanta, and the physicians investigating his condition for the Government were reported as saying that there was no reason why Mr. Carroll should be longer favored by the leniency of the Department of Justice. We rejoice at the action which the Government has taken, but it appears that there still exists in the situation a need for the continued exercise of even-handed justice. Friends of Earl Carroll are still urging upon the Government their plea that he be transferred to a sanitarium. According to the New York "Herald Tribune," Mr. Carroll's brother and Representative Sol Bloom, of New York, have conferred with Attorney-General Sargent. Mr. Carroll's brother is reported as saying that the fact that Mr. Carroll is in prison will be enough to weaken his mind permanently.

It is our opinion that if Mr. Carroll's mind is weakened by his confinement, he should be transferred to an asylum for the criminal insane, exactly the treatment which would be accorded to any other prisoner without influential friends at court. If the hospital at Atlanta is not in a position properly to care for the inmates of that institution, it is time to investigate the hospital rather than Mr. Carroll. We have seen no evidence adduced that Mr. Carroll is not receiving every care to which he is entitled in the prison hospital. We believe that any particular favors which might be accorded to Mr. Carroll would have a damaging effect upon the confidence of the Nation in its Department of Justice. One law for the influential, another for the man without friends, is no law at all.

## Mother India

AMERICANS now have a new standard by which to judge the teaching of Hindu philosophy. When suave gentlemen from India preach their mystic messages before women's clubs and select circles of those who have nothing better to do, they should be asked to account for the facts presented in Katherine Mayo's "Mother India." The social problems of that distressed land have never been more clearly, simply, and directly presented than in this new volume from the press of Harcourt, Brace & Co. It is free from sentimentalism, partisanship, and preconceived notions. It is a straightforward account of the practical workings of a ritualistic religion which has plunged a whole people into the black depths of ignorance and physical suffering.

Elsewhere in this issue there is a summary of the contents of this volume. The tragic pages of this work, we trust, will be read by many of The Outlook's subscribers.

Those who peruse the pages of Miss Mayo's report on the state of India will wonder where hope can be found for the sufferers whose lives she records so convincingly. What can be done for a people who make the vices of our civilization the sacred practices of their own; who believe that filth is cleanliness and that cleanliness is contamination? It would seem impossible to convert the minds of those who have accepted the practices of Hinduism to any higher faith or better practice without some intermediate step which would take account of their peculiar psychology. Must their superstitions be replaced with other superstitions before they are ready to accept the standards of life which are essential even for their physical salvation? There would seem to be need of a prophet to preach the kinship of cleanliness and godliness, a prophet strong enough to turn the flood tide of old devotions into new channels, wise enough in human psychology to rephrase the new salvation in terms familiar to believers in the old.

Katherine Mayo's book cannot be dismissed as the plea of a "British propagandist." The facts of Indian history shriek louder than could the voice of any partisan of the benefits that are slowly seeping into Indian civilization from the leavening presence of British power. Great Britain's accomplishments are not to be measured in terms of any one generation, but in the magnitude of the task which confronts her. The magnitude of that enterprise is to be spoken of as one speaks of a geologic epoch.

## Europe and the Soviet

THE Soviet Government has made Russia an outcast among the Western nations. Great Britain's decision to break off relations with Soviet Russia has only emphasized the steady failure of the Moscow dictatorship to establish a working understanding with the Powers. The reason lies in no unfriendliness to Russia. There is a great deal of good will for the Russian people. When they are in a position to take control of their country, they will be welcomed into the society of nations. But their present rulers are the objects of almost unparalleled distrust and hostility.

A new outbreak of the "Red Terror" in Russia has awakened afresh the antagonism of Europe and America. Despatches from Moscow have informed the world that the Soviet State Police Department recently ordered and carried out the execution of twenty persons charged with complicity in an anti-Soviet plot. The executions, reported to be without trial, followed the assassination of the Soviet Envoy to Poland, M. Voikoff, by a Russian monarchist student. Immediate apologies and expressions of regret by the Polish Government for the assassination opened the way to a settlement of the incident without serious difficulties between the two Governments. But the deed aroused the fears of the Bolsheviks for the security of their command within Russia. The consequence was that these twenty people were killed out of hand. And no one can say how far this revival of the rule of violence and sudden death in Russia may go.

The Soviet Government blamed Great Britain for the death of M. Voikoff, on the far-fetched ground that the British rupture of relations with Russia had encouraged the anti-Bolshevik groups of Russian refugees throughout Europe. But the British action was only one expression of a tendency which has been becoming general among the Powers in the past few months.

France has been conducting investigations into Communist activities within her borders, instituting searches for arms and arresting Communist spies. Mussolini has declared the open enmity of Fascist Italy to the Bolshevik system; and the Vatican has denounced the Soviet Government and its policy of terror through the official "Osservatore Romano." The Colonial Ministers of Great Britain and France have met in Paris to

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terminate a long-standing rivalry in colonization by an agreement for close co-operation against Soviet intrigue among their subjects.

Germany has continued to remain neutral. Her system of special treaties with the Soviet Government, dating from the Rapallo Treaty of 1922, has put her in the position almost of acting as a sort of intermediary between Russia and the rest of Europe. Before the war her trade with Russia was twice that of Great Britain, while since the Revolution and the gradual revival of Russian commerce it has been approximately equal. The break between Great Britain and Russia might throw a great deal of business to Germany which she would like to have. Her officials were requested to represent Soviet interests in London when the Soviet delegations were forced to leave. Yet even Germany is now reported to be hesitating and offering to join the opposition group. In return she wants modifications of the Versailles Peace Treaty provisions for dismantling her eastern boundary fortifications.

Ambassador Herrick, in a Memorial Day address in France, has re-emphasized the American attitude toward Soviet Russia. The United States has consistently refused to establish diplomatic relations of any sort with the Soviet Government and has condemned its political and economic policies, abstaining at the same time from interference in Russian affairs. Europe, after a series of unsuccessful experiments with Soviet treaties and agreements, is swinging around to the American point of view, that it is impossible to deal with Russia until she has a government with different principles.

Diplomatic relations depend upon two things—the existence of a government able to command the country, and the willingness of that government to act towards other governments in good faith. No one denies the existence or—at present—the strength of the Soviet Government. But almost no one trusts its intentions towards other governments. That alone is a sufficient reason for refusing recognition and for withholding the courtesies and privileges accorded to nations in good standing. Business can be done with Russia without diplomatic contacts. The record of American exports on Soviet orders shows that. For anything more we can well wait.

The future of Russia seems to lie in the hands of her peasants. When they can make their will effective, she will be a nation with whom every other will be glad to deal. But the new régime of terror in Russia makes it difficult to foresee when that day may come.

# The Old Jew

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THE almost childish love of mankind, taken in the mass, for the heroic, romantic, even the theatrical, is illustrated anew by the notable revival of interest in the personality and career of Disraeli, or, as the English prefer to speak and think of him, Lord Beaconsfield. They prefer to talk and write of this extraordinary man by his English title of Beaconsfield because in this way they can close their eyes to the fact that in manners, traits, and intellect he was as alien to Anglo-Saxon culture as William the Conqueror. Yet they gave him the highest political office and granted him the greatest administrative power with which any British civilian can be endowed. Moreover, their Queen, who was truly representative of the great middle-class forces of the nineteenth century, and thus both narrowly and extremely British, yielded him a confidence and had for him a personal fondness that few sovereigns in Occidental civilization have ever displayed for a Prime Minister.

Frederick Greenwood, the founder of the "Pall Mall Gazette," a statesman in influence although not in office, a thoroughgoing Englishman of middle-class origin but of high literary and intellectual gifts, an ardent supporter of Disraeli's policies, thus interprets his chief's character:

> At but one remove by birth from southern Europe and the East, he was an Englishman in nothing but his devotion to England and his solicitude for her honor and prosperity. It was not wholly by volition and design that his mind was strange to others and worked in absolute detachment. He had "none of the hereditary prepossessions of the native Englishman." No such prepossessions disturbed his vision when it was bent upon the rising problems of the time, or rested upon the machinery of government and the kind of men who worked it and their ways of working it. . . . No Englishman could approach Disraeli without some consciousness that he was in the presence of a foreigner. . . . A man of extraordinary coolness and self-control, his faults in every kind were faults of excess; it is the mark of them all. But whatever offense they gave, whatever mischief they did, was soon exhausted, and has long since been pardoned.

It is this psychological phenomenon of a man bizarre and theatrical in his dress, Oriental in his physiognomy, flashy and romantic in his literary style, obsequious to his sovereign, bold and courageous towards his political foes and his country's enemies, and yet captivating and leading the supposedly stolid and matter-of-fact British, that makes Disraeli so enticing a subject for the biographer. He has been truly called a "mystery-man." But the fact remains that, in spite of all his external queernesses, he was a man of unconquerable spirit. At the Congress of Berlin in 1878 which settled the complicated problems of the Russo-Turkish War and which was dominated by Disraeli, then English Prime Minister, Prince Bismarck, with his characteristic sagacity, really solved the problem: *"Der alte Jude,"* he said, *"das ist der Mann!"* (The old Jew, there's a man for you!)

Although Lord Beaconsfield died nearly fifty years ago, it is still too soon for any Englishman to write a wholly dispassionate and detached biography of this remarkable if not unique figure of modern political civilization. Of course, many informative and readable English biographies of Disraeli have been written, of which the most monumental is the Moneypenny official life. A critical portrait of *der alte Jude* is really a task for a foreigner at present. And the task has now been well performed. Just as the Englishman Hirst has written the best recent study of Thomas Jefferson, the German Ludwig the best modern interpretation of Napoleon, so a Frenchman, André Maurois, has just published in Paris a narrative and interpretative "Life of Disraeli" [1] which has taken the French by storm, having gone through thirty-one printings or editions. I do not think it has been translated into English, but it might very well be, for it has all the narrative and intimate qualities that made "Ariel," or the life of Shelley, by the same author so popular.

With that literary skill which the French so uniquely possess Maurois in three hundred pages gives the reader a vivid survey of Disraeli's racial ancestry, his turbulent youth, his relations with his devoted and sympathetic sister, his long series of literary and political fail-

[1] La Vie de Disraëli. Par André Maurois. Librairie Gallimard, Paris.

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ures, his apparently ill-assorted but happy marriage, his persistence in the face of well-nigh intolerable political checks and defeats, his protracted antagonism with Gladstone, his success with Queen Victoria, his final triumph, and his canonization by the Primrose League.

As a British statesman Disraeli will be long remembered in political history for at least four outstanding achievements—his success as a parliamentary leader after the most mortifying and contemptuous defeats; his verbal duels with Gladstone, whose equanimity he exasperated to the breaking-point; his acquisition of the Suez Canal; and his solidification—if it may not be called his creation—of the British Empire as we now know it.

If there was one quality of character which enabled this singular man to win the place in the affections of his sovereign and the esteem of his countrymen, which he most certainly did win, what was that quality? "Was it saintliness?" asks Maurois. "No," he concludes, "Disraeli was very far from being a saint. Perhaps it was because he exemplified the Spirit of Spring, always being overwhelmed and yet always bursting into life again, because he was a symbol of what can be done in a hostile and chilly world by a heart in which the indomitable spirit of youth is never quenched."

# Lindbergh at the Capital

## Special Correspondence from Washington by RAYMOND EVANS

A NEW Prometheus came to our shores to-day, bringing from somewhere in the misty reaches of the North Atlantic a spark that has fired the imagination of the American people beyond measure—a spark so fervent that no heart has been found stony enough to resist it for a moment.

A short month ago, dropping gracefully over the frontier of oblivion upon a landing-field in St. Louis, this hitherto unknown individual got a scant stickful in the morning press. A few hours later he landed in New York, and was noticed to the extent of half a column. To-day, after a little more than a fortnight of unexampled adventure, he came home to us, and was acclaimed as no other man ever was in this so-called cold capital, where, according to stage tradition, folks "sit on their hands." If our rather hurried measurement of the Lindbergh matter in the local press is correct, the grand aggregate of type set in his honor here to-day runs well over a hundred columns—to say nothing of the longer and more detailed stories that are on the machines to-night for the Sunday morning papers. Consider also the thousands of feet of motion-picture film, just off the drying drums, that is being rushed out from Washington to all points of the compass, and the fifty-station hookup that carried the story of the day to listeners-in everywhere.

The spectacle, the home-coming pageant and the popular demonstration taken together, was altogether in keeping with the perfect achievement that it celebrated. The day was ideal, with scattering cirrus clouds overhead, and a freshening northerly breeze that by noon had cleared away the morning haze. The aerial embellishments, including spectacular evolutions by the darlings of the Army Air Force, the pursuit group from Selfridge Field, and the brooding presence of the majestic Los Angeles, were worthy of the "lone eagle" in whose honor the circus was staged. Even the Cassius-like leanness of the swift cruiser that bore the hero up the Potomac seemed to typify the tall and sinewy person of its one passenger.

The Memphis, piloted by Captain "Bill" Luckett, veteran Potomac pilot, seventy-three years old and forty-seven years a pilot, rounded Giesboro Point shortly before eleven o'clock. Overhead hung the Los Angeles, on the port side of the cruiser flew several groups of seaplanes, on the starboard side an Army contingent of Martin bombers and observation planes, while, swooping down from the clouds at intervals with a hair-raising roar, a flight of twenty-six of the Army's swiftest pursuit planes, led by Major Thomas Lamphier, gave a marvelous exhibition of group flying. In all, there were close to seventy planes in the air, the largest assemblage of aircraft the National capital has ever seen.

Thus, passing between sea-walls crowded with cheering people, a lone bareheaded figure on the bridge of the Memphis, conspicuous in his civilian blue serge among naval officers in white duck uniforms, "Lucky" Lindbergh came home, modest as ever, yet sustained by an inherent sense of dignity, unspoiled by the adulation of peoples and the friendly fellowship of kings and princes—still, to all appearances, a frank and wholesome American boy, altogether wrapped up in aviation, and wholly free from the hard gloss of urbanity.

Landing at the Navy Yard, Colonel Lindbergh was greeted by a National salute of twenty-one guns, to which, under naval regulations, only Presidents and foreign rulers are entitled. Passing up Pennsylvania Avenue, cheered by a hysterical crowd that packed both sides of the line of march from the Navy Yard to the Monument Lot, he came to the stand prepared for his formal presentation to the Washington public. Here he was cheered by an uncounted multitude, variously estimated to number from 100,000 up to a quarter of a million—literally acres of people, filling the vast space from the Monument north to B Street and beyond. There President

### Lindbergh and the Conquest of the Air

ON this and the succeeding pages are published a group of articles regarding the triumphal reception to Colonel Charles Lindbergh and the hope which his achievement holds for the progress of aviation.

**Raymond Evans**

describes his reception in Washington and reports the views of Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Aeronautics Edward R. Warner on the meaning of Lindbergh's achievement.

**Curtis Wheeler**

Captain and Operations Officer of the National Guard of New York, tells what he saw of Lindbergh's arrival in New York from the vantage-point of a D. H. plane which picked up Lindbergh half-way between Philadelphia and New York and accompanied him till he landed.

**Walter Hinton**

who, as Lieutenant-Commander in the Navy, piloted the naval seaplane NC-4 across the Atlantic in May, 1919, the first airplane to make the transatlantic trip, tells of the feeling among Lindbergh's fellow-aviators over his accomplishment and its bearing upon the future of aviation.

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Coolidge, after a short and happy address of welcome and appreciation, pinned on Colonel Lindbergh's breast the Distinguished Flying Cross—the highest honor of its kind in the gift of our Government—and as forty-eight homing pigeons rose from the stand with dramatic suddenness, a pigeon for every State in the Union, the hero stood before the microphone and delivered a speech—one hundred words long! That was all—a simple and brief message of good will from the Old World to the New.

> On the evening of the 21st of May last I arrived in Le Bourget, Paris. During the week I spent in France, the day in Belgium, and the short period in England, the people of France and the people of Europe requested that I bring back to the people of America one message from the people of France and the people of Europe. At every gathering, at every meeting I attended were the same words: "You have seen the affection of the people of France for the people of America demonstrated to you. Upon your return to your country take back with you this message from France and Europe to the United States of America." I thank you.

Then pandemonium, in which the Army band played in dumb show.

COLORFUL and dramatic as was the visible spectacle of Colonel Lindbergh's home-coming, which could be seen in piecemeal only, since no one could sufficiently approach ubiquity to see it all, it is in retrospect, taking into account all that led up to it, that it assumes its true proportions. The things that happened here to-day become far more dramatic than they would appear without the background of that quiet and unheralded landing in St. Louis a month ago.

With that in mind, it is a joy to think of the vast throng that welcomed Colonel Lindbergh to-day; to consider all the naval and military "dog" that was put on in his honor—the twenty-one gun salute put over by winking at naval regulations, the unprecedented display of aircraft, the pomp of the procession up the avenue, led by "the President's Own" troop of horse; to contemplate the raids made on history and legend in search of metaphor and prototypes to use in writing about him; to note that in one day he is called "a child of the Vikings," a "winged Galahad," and a hero comparable to "Bayard, Tancred, and St. Louis," this boy who came out of the West a month ago and was so inanely dubbed "the Flying Fool"! (It was not without reason that we had to hark back to Prometheus to get a running start for this present commentary. All the rest had been used.)

Wide World — **The man and the mother** — (C) Harris & Ewing

Among those who greeted Colonel Lindbergh to-day was that other great aviator, himself a popular hero of yesteryear, Commander Richard Byrd. If by any chance these two could have got their heads together out of earshot of the other two hundred and fifty thousand present, what scandalous confidences they might have exchanged on "this hero business"! Commander Byrd has already given us an illuminating little commentary on the subject. Doubtless, frank as he seems, Colonel Lindbergh is not making public all his thoughts in this regard.

WHAT is the bearing of all this on the future of aviation? Inspiration aside, what does Lindbergh's great flight signify?

We took these questions to Edward R. Warner, Assistant Secretary of the

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Navy for Aeronautics, and his first reply was to the effect that the practical aspects of the flight were so closely interwoven with the inspirational side that it was hard to speak on one without bringing in the other. Fresh from a meeting with Colonel Lindbergh, he confessed that it was not easy for him to talk about the achievement without talking about the man who did it.

"We who are technically interested in aviation," he said, "are not so much astonished at the feat itself as we are at the result. Colonel Lindbergh's transatlantic flight has done more toward dramatizing the problems of aviation than anything we could have dreamed of, but the charming personality and modest demeanor of the man himself has been a potent factor. More remarkable than his flying, wonderful as it is, is the fact that he has kept his head—that under the strain to which he has been subjected for the past fortnight he has maintained his poise, without taking a single false step, so far as we can judge, or making a single unkind or inconsiderate statement. That in itself is an almost miraculous achievement."

Of the flight itself Mr. Warner said: "It is a unique feat that Colonel Lindbergh has accomplished. No one is in so good a position to appreciate it as those of us who have been engaged in aviation and know just what its perils are. However, the comparative ease with which he reached his goal after due preparation is evidence of the rapid strides that aviation has made in recent years."

Recalling the difficulties and disasters that attended early attempts at transatlantic flight, Mr. Warner pointed out that of the two attempts made from this side this year both were successful.

"In the eight years that have passed since the first long flight over the Atlantic was made," he went on (the flight of our seaplanes to the Azores), "motors have been greatly reduced in weight per horse-power, and greatly improved in regard to efficiency and reliability. Now their reliability is such that, barring accident, the transatlantic flier may take it for granted that his motor will continue to run as long as it gets fuel and lubrication. If the flight is made with due attention to weather conditions, we may also take it for granted that the good pilot will keep on his course."

Incidentally, Assistant Secretary Warner pointed out a fact emphasized by Colonel Lindbergh's experience, long known by aviators, but not generally realized by laymen, namely, that the task of piloting an airplane when conditions are right is so easy, requiring so little attention and physical exertion, that the real danger lies in the monotony of it. The plane has not yet been built that will fly safely with the pilot asleep at the stick.

IT was a potent spark that our latter-day Prometheus brought to us. "I've got more kick out of this show than from anything else in a coon's age," or words to that effect, is a common form of salutation in Washington to-night. Remembering how very earnest and serious our hero looked when we saw him to-day, and bearing in mind also the twenty-one guns, the aerial pageantry, the broadcasters perched on every point of vantage, and the sea of faces in the shadow of the Monument, we may heighten this kick appreciably, and at the same time give the Comic Spirit a look-in, by this further consideration:

This hero is the same boy who landed on Le Bourget Field on the evening of May 21, prudently fortified by two or three letters of introduction.

Washington, D. C.,
Saturday, June 11, 1927.

# Lindbergh in New York

## By CURTIS WHEELER

THE real estimate of what Charles Lindbergh did and what manner of man he is will be formed most accurately by his fellows of the air. And that is the judgment upon which he, of all people, would prefer to stand.

When "Slim" flew from Washington to New York for one of the most magnificent receptions any human being has ever received from his fellow-men, the manner of his arrival was by no means unimportant or accidental. It was, in fact, of the utmost significance in judging the man and the character of his exploit.

The Reception Committee had requested that he fly up in a seaplane, so that he could be landed either in the Narrows or at the Battery, to head at once a triumphal procession. He gently but firmly demurred, and in the face of considerable pressure eventually had his smiling way. It was a foregone conclusion to any flier who knew him that he never really considered any other course than to fly the St. Louis back as nearly as possible to the spot of earth from which he left to cross the Atlantic. In this respect any pilot, and particularly a flier as instinctive as Lindbergh, manifests some of the characteristics of a homing pigeon.

At the last minute the recently reassembled St. Louis could not be flown off the ground. Yet this did not change in essentials the manner of his journey. For when he came slanting swiftly out of the air above the sunny panorama of New York Harbor he was driving the nearest approach to the St. Louis he could find—a fast P-1 single-seater of the Army's crack pursuit group. And behind him thundered in a beautiful close formation the pick of all the Army fliers. Every one of these men had achievements, decorations, hair-breadth escapes, gallant exploits, broken speed and altitude records to his credit. And every one of them followed "Lindy," not just because they formed an escort, but because they recognized the youngster as essentially one of them.

Over the Narrows the people that swarmed along the shore and the boats that churned the harbor to foam screamed and tooted a frantic welcome. But not a whisper of it penetrated the bellow of his roaring motor. Lindbergh's real welcome was nearer at hand.

For out of the sky around him swarmed airplanes of all shapes and sizes, bobbing and curtsying in the bumpy air. A formation from the National Guard, a formation from the Naval Reserve, bull-headed De Havilands, snub-nosed Jennies, lean Voughts, and silver Fokkers flashed and circled about him and his thundering eighteen. They were welcoming home a brother with the reception he could best appreciate.

There is a freemasonry among airmen, but there are certain sharp distinctions. All fliers who seem great to laymen are not so to their fellows in the craft. It is too easy to pose as an aviator before the uninitiated and to attain a fundamentally false popular vogue. That is the reason that when a truly great pilot like Lindbergh attains fame,

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the real pilots literally fall all over themselves with joy.

Straight as a die drove Lindbergh for Mitchel Field, swiftly he dropped alone and made a beautiful landing before the long row of hangars. Before the frantic thousands who swarmed out on the turf could reach and grab him a car had picked him up and whisked him to where a Loening amphibian stood chuckling on a half-closed throttle. In another instant he was in the ship, off the ground, and headed back to the naval parade that was forming to greet him in the lower bay.

Over the Narrows again, land and sea went mad while the packed sky turned itself inside out with joy. Swift Curtis Hawks with a top speed of 185 miles an hour twisted and cavorted in the brilliant sunshine. Stunt ships of all kinds flipped in half-loops or nosed down with half-cut motors in steep dives that made their wires scream. Spirals, tail spins, and Immelmans they did while their motors roared or droned as the gas was cut on and off.

Every thrilling and awe-inspiring trick of the skilled flier was put on by half a hundred stunt-crazed men up there in the bright sunshine. Civilian and service flier each in his own degree of skill performed, stunting their heads off. It was not for the shouting people down there along the crowded shores and in the packed streets, but for one lone young man who had just tumbled out of the landed amphibian and was going aboard the city's flagship.

This aerial performance kept up while the naval parade steamed solemnly up the bay and the city from the Battery north went vociferously insane. High overhead in the sunny blue air little knots of planes climbed for the ceiling and then tumbled, spinning and looping and side-slipping, toward the earth, hoping that in the middle of the city's gigantic reception "Lindy" might cast a weather eye aloft now and then to see what his buddies were doing in the air.

To Lindbergh's mother during the city's welcome it was suggested that her son must now be thrilled even more than in Paris or Brussels or Washington. She tactfully agreed, and added simply: "But I know him. He would rather be talking to a group of aviators in a hangar some place." This sentiment would unquestionably have been re-echoed by every flier that spun and cavorted overhead that day.

Meanwhile the city's welcome rose to a full-throated crescendo of sincere heart-felt enthusiasm that verged close to tears. Heroes come and go, but there was something about Lindbergh's whole exploit that seems to have put it in a class apart. Perhaps the deciding factor was an instinctive realization of what those airmen up above knew.

Here was one popular idol upon whom there was no slightest taint of commercialism, no taint of self-seeking, of conceit, or of insincerity. Here was one hero for whom they could let their enthusiasm go completely wild.

Back in hangars scattered around the outskirts of New York, tired, grease-streaked pilots sprawled at ease, their stunts over, listening to the radio. "Slim" was now at the City Hall, making a speech. And the speech was just like him—plain, simple, and sincere. In this severest test of all for a neophyte he rang true. His fellows in the craft grinned, happy and content. "He talks just the way he flies," they murmured, tersely, "He's a good kid. 'Slim' Lindbergh is the real thing."

# What Lindbergh Is Doing for Aviation

## By Walter Hinton

NOTHING in aviation, no single achievement, no combination of aerial events since the Wright brothers made the first mechanical flight twenty-four years ago, has had such influence on the public mind as Charles A. Lindbergh's lone dash from New York to Paris. In this really stupendous and magnificent popular reaction to his heroic feat we shall find much that is practical and enduring.

For the first time flying has become a reality to Americans; and not only to Americans, but to the masses the world over. That is why, when the public acclaims him a hero, the aviation people are actually more appreciative, more specific in their laudatory remarks, and as utterly unstinted in their praise of him as the most callow hero worshiper who struggles to get near enough to touch him or claw at his face and paw him over, simply because he is Lindbergh, idol of the hour. In the aeronautical world Lindbergh is not a creature of the moment. He is a sign which marks the turn of the road for aviation, a symbol flashing through space for a few brief hours—to awaken the universe, bring all people to a realization of the possibilities of human flight.

When the Wrights got into the air at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, on that cold December day in 1903, five witnesses who saw them do it hastened to flash the astounding news to the rest of the world; but the newspapers at first refused to print the story. It was unbelievable. It could not have happened. When it was proved beyond a doubt, the vast majority accepted it as a matter of fact and did not become excited. They took it for granted; and they have been taking aviation for granted ever since.

It has not been a personal thing with most people; all very well for acrobats, daredevils, and crazy inventors, but for the ordinary and sane citizen, nothing doing. He could see a machine cleaving the air at two or three miles a minute and congratulate himself that he had both feet on the ground.

Airplane development attained its first great impetus during the war. But war is an exotic state of affairs to most of us. We plunge into it as we would enter a pest-house to fight an epidemic, in an effort to save ourselves. We are glad when the scourge has passed. Everything related to war, all the implements and tools, and very often the heroes, are forgotten or at least pushed into the background of the public mind. Aviation suffered that fate immediately after the Armistice.

Despite all that has been done, written, and told about the miracle that is flight, people generally have refused to accept it, take it into their minds, and treat it as they do the radio, motor car, or any of the other scientific marvels to which they have become accustomed. But Lindbergh has changed all this: his flight lasted 33 hours and 30 minutes. It will live forever.

The aircraft industry immediately after the Armistice had one hundred million dollars' worth of airplane and motor contracts canceled by the Government—in this country. Plant facilities, trained workmen, limitless stores of materials, complete laboratory facilities, mammoth workshops, and engineering staffs just getting into their stride—all

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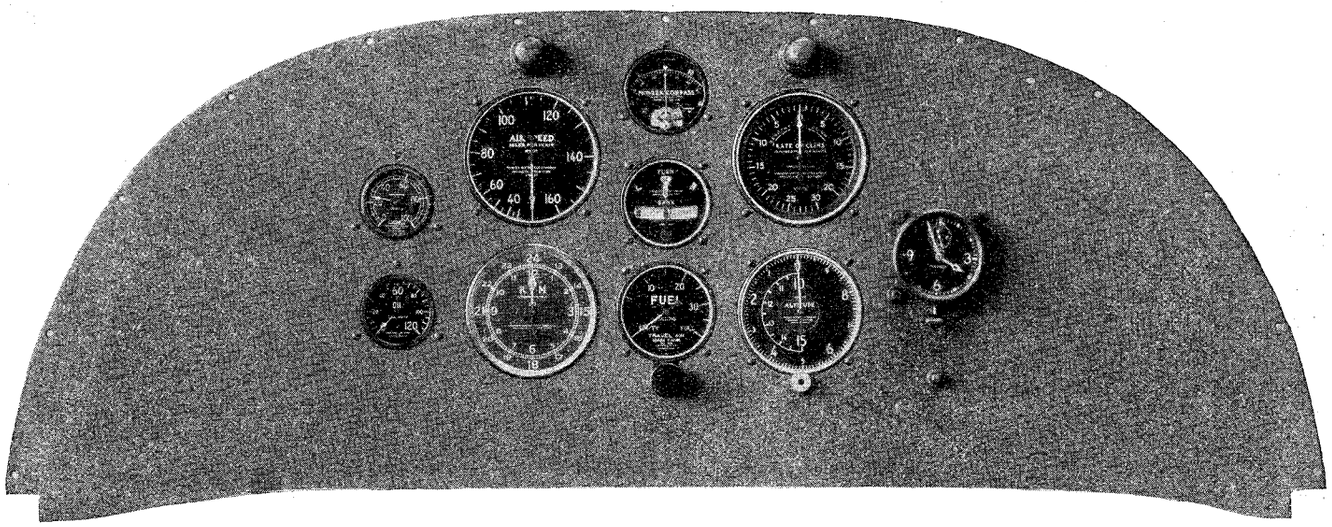


Photograph from Pioneer Instrument Company, Inc.

**Here's what an aviator has to watch.** This is the instrument board from the plane which won the Second Ford Reliability Tour. The dials, reading from top to bottom, left to right, are as follows: oil temperature indicator, oil pressure gauge, air speed indicator, tachometer, indicator of Pioneer Earth Inductor Compass, turn and bank indicator, fuel level gauge, rate of climb indicator, altimeter, clock

were here, dispersed in some twenty communities of the United States, ready to be used in peaceful effort.

Millions of dollars were placed at the disposal of the manufacturers and engineers.

Publicity campaigns were conducted on an unprecedented scale. Experts in coaching the public mind into acceptance of almost any kind of propaganda worked night and day for years. Engineers made fancy designs. Motors were improved. The Government placed all its resources at the disposal of the men trying to sell aviation to the public.

The Army, Navy, and Marine Corps spent millions on new planes and sent their aviators to the ends of the earth on startling, heroic attempts to do something that would impress the public. Machines were flown into each large community. Lecturers were sent out to preach the new religion of transportation and National defense by way of preparedness in the air. The Post Office Department procured all the funds that Congress would allow, wheedled the Army out of a hundred cast-off military machines, and our young Americans flew these old crates back and forth across the country on the air mail routes; in all kinds of weather, through storms that tied up terrestrial transport, and under conditions that most of us dislike to even think about. They died, too, some of these pilots, a sacrifice to the new era.

Young men went into the game of flying—it was then a game and a reckless one—against the advice of the elders. New air lines distributed free tickets for flights, and the recipients refused to fly. Aviation had tumbled out of the clouds of hopeful development into a vicious circle. Without public patronage there could be no funds available for the necessary experimentation and research work necessary to develop the airplane into a safe, comfortable, reliable, and paying vehicle. Three times in the last nine years American aviation has been so far below par that the most optimistic saw no hope for it. I am told that identical conditions have prevailed in other countries.

But it did survive, largely through the encouragement of the governments. Abroad they subsidized their aeronautical ventures. Here the Government encouraged inventors to develop new planes and engines. They purchased equipment, drew up specifications, and gave them a mark to aim at; then paid them for their work. They progressed. The air mail was developed in similar fashion, the Post Office Department literally supporting its Air Mail Service on the taxpayers' money until it finally commenced to support itself.

But the civilian air lines have been having a hard struggle; the manufacturers have been relatively poor. Planes built by twos and threes in this country, where high standards of wages and other conditions make imperative quantity production in all things, could not be sold at reasonable prices. Picture the development of the motor car if only four or five customers bought a certain design each year.

There would be no warrant for the Government to lay out highways, for the States to spend millions on improved roads, for the young college student to enter the field of automotive engineering. That has been the situation. Now Lindbergh appears.

To the public he made no expensive preparations. He was not surrounded by staffs of engineers, advisers, and a group of bankers underwriting a very expensive project; at least in the public mind he had none of these handicaps to popularity.

On his arrival in Paris, alone, he shocked the world. Even the crowds at Le Bourget, I am told by one who was there, did not believe that Lindbergh was coming. Nine out of ten there at the Paris airport thought that this was Yankee bluff. The Nungesser-Coli tragedy, the Levine-Bertaud fight, the commercialized activities of the promoter, and other accidents in connection with the transatlantic flight had disgusted people who looked upon such a venture as a sporting proposition completely sullied by some persons and turned to tragedy by accidents.

Lindbergh came out of the West, unheralded. He took off alone in a plane that had not been touted about in the papers as an extraordinary model of flying craft. The public saw in it just another airplane, which it is, in fact. The engine is a good one; everybody knows that, because the Chamberlin-Acosta flight of more than fifty hours aloft proved it to be a fairly perfect piece of machinery. Until Lindbergh's arrival in Paris the world looked upon his adventure as a daring, sporting thing. For two or three days Americans thought of him as the hero of a successful sporting venture; then their feeling changed.

Back of the thought that Lindbergh had accomplished one of the most re-

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markable feats in history there developed a public recognition that it would have been impossible without a good flying-machine. I heard a man express it thus:

"He kept his engine going for more than thirty-three hours; and I told my wife that I would not like to keep my motor car running that long. It wouldn't be much of a car after that, with the engine running thirty-three hours."

Gradually, people began to realize that if one man can fly for thirty-three hours they themselves might be able to do it for a few hours. If one young man can be taught to fly such a trip with only a few years of training, why they, too, might learn to fly. If engines can be built as reliable as Lindbergh's Wright air-cooled motor, then other engines can be so built; and flying is much safer than supposed. If an airplane can carry hundreds of pounds of fuel and fly more than 3,600 miles without stopping, then other machines surely can fly as far as most of us desire to travel.

If Lindbergh's airplane cost less than $15,000, including all his preparations for the flight, then a small airplane should cost less. It is beginning to get somewhere within reaching distance of the average motorist. And people say: "We shall have to begin looking into this flying business."

That one sentence sums up what Lindbergh has done for aviation. He has made the whole world turn about, take its eyes off the ground, and commence thinking about aviation. His modesty—brother pilots term it sheer decency on his part—continues to make people think well of aviation. His every utterance is picked up and reflected upon by every newspaper reader. There has never been anything like this desire of men, women, and children to read every word that Lindbergh says. And what he says is continuing to have a mighty influence on the public feeling toward the airplane.

Lindbergh says that flying is as safe as anything else. It must be true; he should know. He says that aviation is going to be within reach of everybody. He knows. He says that anybody can fly. He is the authority.

The reader has seen what happened to radio when the public commenced thinking seriously about it. Largely, radio is entertainment so far as the public is concerned. Here we have something vital. It is transport, and all of us depend upon transport. The best minds in the aircraft industry are so astonished at the public reception of this flight that they refuse to place a limit on the last-

IN response to requests The Outlook here republishes this prophetic poem.

The poem was written when its author was an undergraduate at Harvard and was awarded the Lloyd McKim Garrison prize. Millions of copies of this poem have been printed during the years since its first appearance in The Outlook in 1910. It is to be found in the author's collection of verse, "Mothers and Men," published by Houghton Mifflin Company, and in numerous anthologies.

## The Conquest of the Air

By HAROLD T. PULSIFER

With a thunder-driven heart
  And the shimmer of new wings,
I, a worm that was, upstart;
  King of kings!

I have heard the singing stars,
  I have watched the sunset die,
As I burst the lucent bars
  Of the sky.

Lo, the argosies of Spain,
  As they ploughed the naked brine,
Found no heaven-girded main
  Like to mine.

Soaring from the clinging sod,
  First and foremost of my race,
I have met the hosts of God
  Face to face:

Met the tempest and the gale
  Where the white moon-riven cloud
Wrapt the splendor of my sail
  In a shroud.

Where the ghost of winter fled
  Swift I followed with the snow,
Like a silver arrow sped
  From a bow.

I have trailed the summer south
  Like a flash of burnished gold,
When she fled the hungry mouth
  Of the cold.

I have dogged the ranging sun
  Till the world became a scroll;
All the oceans, one by one,
  Were my goal.

Other wingéd men may come,
  Pierce the heavens, chart the sky,
Sound an echo to my drum
  Ere they die.

I alone have seen the earth,
  Age-old fetters swept aside,
In the glory of new birth—
  Deified!

ing results. But this they know, as having already occurred.

Bankers are beginning to see in the airplane a medium of investment similar to railroads, steamships, and motor cars. Within three weeks after the Lindbergh flight sufficient capital was made available here in the United States to finance almost any kind of aeronautical project. The pity of it is that many of these projects will be foisted upon the public, which cannot recognize the fakes apart from those worth while. I know of a half-dozen new promotion schemes which cannot succeed. I certainly would not invest my money in any transocean airplane line—not at this time. There is no evidence that I have yet seen which convinces me that airplanes flying across the Atlantic under present conditions can carry sufficient loads to pay a profit—not at least until a perfect, infallible system of floating airdromes is set up all the way across, and planes have been developed to pay the expense of operation, procuring patronage, and, most important of all, taking care of the depreciation, which is heavy, the risk which is not to be slighted, and the overhead cost, which will be in the class of railroad and steamship development. A skilled organization must be trained in the hard school of experience before commercial flights across the Atlantic, with stops every four hundred miles, are successful.

Aside from that, and forgetting the fake promotion schemes, every move inspired by Lindbergh's flight must benefit the people. There is no question but what the airplane is now practical as a cargo carrier; and I am sure that before many months have passed we shall see it equally practical, because it will be safe, as a passenger machine. The technical knowledge is available, trained engineers and responsible builders are at hand; they have been forced to wait for inspiration on the part of the public. Lindbergh has created it.

Thousands of college students have besieged the aeronautical industry, seeking jobs that will place them in the way of realizing a career in the air. Every schoolboy is now dreaming of air travel, of flying, just as Lindbergh dreamed for years until he was able to make it a fact. The flying schools are enrolling ten times the students that formerly came their way. Schools and colleges are hastening to rig up aviation courses. This work was set in motion about a year ago by the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics, and several colleges have well-equipped aeronautical branches. The others must come to it.

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Struggling along in various degrees of prosperity, our American air lines have been experimenting with machines, engines, lighting for night routes, training of cross-country pilots, and the perfection of a ground organization, airdromes, repair facilities, navigational instruments and their use; but they have hitherto lacked the one requisite for success. They have not had sufficient patronage. Since Lindbergh's flight some of the lines have increased their business threefold; others which had discontinued operations temporarily for lack of capital have now found that capital is available in any quantity providing that they can show their route to be practical—in other words, that the business of hauling mail, express, and passengers through the air is there if it can be procured.

There are some six hundred individuals operating airplanes in the United States. The majority have never had enough money left at the end of the month to buy a new coat of paint for their machines. They have barnstormed across the country. Others have settled down in some city or town prepared to spend years educating the public to use their flying-machines. This long and tedious period of waiting is now over, in the past. From all reports, the public is eager to fly. Men are bringing their wives and children to the airdromes and buying them short rides, trying to experience even a bit of the thrill that was Lindbergh's.

Engine manufacturers have redoubled their efforts to develop reliable engines for all kinds of commercial flying, motors that will power big planes, others that will be light enough and inexpensive, so that one may own his own plane for private flying.

The light-plane development, carried on in Europe to a greater degree than here, promises to be revived. Light planes have been available, but they have not become popular here, chiefly because the engines were lacking. With production of small, sport-model machines selling for two or three thousand dollars the younger generation should take to flying as readily as to the motor car, now that Lindbergh has set people to thinking about it.

There you have the picture of the immediate future in civilian aviation, to which Lindbergh has added the final touches and made the masterpiece. While the industry knows that a hundred or more individual manufacturers, accessory purveyors, material venders, and others have contributed to his success by giving him a plane that would do the job, the public would never have thought about that phase of it had they not recognized him as a hero. But there is still another phase—something in this flight of his that has impressed people with the fact that we are no longer an isolated nation.

Europe has always been a far-away continent. The League of Nations controversy, the international questions raised from time to time, war debts, the fastest time made by ocean liners—all combined could not impress upon the public the close contact of the United States with Europe and her affairs. But Lindbergh spanned the Atlantic in little more than a day. Now people are ready to believe that what Lindbergh did a thousand aviators can accomplish, providing they have the equipment.

They begin to think of National defense, and they are inclined to listen when the aeronautical experts say that this country is not free from aerial invasion by way of the sea—any sea, East or West. That raises the whole question of National defense, of preparedness in the air; and meanwhile, now that we have peace, it acts as an urge for Americans to develop their own air power. Lindbergh has co-ordinated public feeling and support in that direction.

Along this same line of reasoning we find world trade, transocean commerce, mail, express, and passengers awaiting transportation. Some believe that it can be developed by means of airplanes; others are quite certain that the airship will be the logical long-distance carrier of the future. Nevertheless, everybody is talking about one or the other. Out of so much thought something tangible must develop. The main thing lacking in the past has been money—funds for the beginning of experimental lines and apparatus. Those with money are now convinced that transocean aviation can be made practical; and many of them are willing to invest in such enterprises. We shall see the influence of Lindbergh's flight on the minds of hundreds of capitalists within the next twelve months.

And we shall not have to go to Europe to find visible evidence of it, either. Conservative estimates place the air routes that might profitably be developed between cities in the United States at more than fifty. Already a dozen cities have announced various projects seeking to open up new aerial passenger services; and capital shall have its chance to do some heavy investing here.

These new air lines will require organizations, and they in turn must have the personnel—fliers, mechanics, repair men, traffic experts, engineers, executives, and all the others in a system catering to the people, just as in any public utility. Lindbergh's flight has focused the attention of all transportation experts upon aviation; and now they are beginning to look about. They are trying to determine just how they may be able to use the airplane or airship as auxiliaries of their own surface medium.

The railroads have taken on bus lines as part of their systems. They now must consider aircraft. Railroads must have airplane or airship service for fast hauling of perishable goods, mail, express, and passengers, or one day find another service linking up all the towns along their rights of way. Some of the largest industries in the country—the steel industry, for example—now show signs of interest in aviation. Steel and metal alloys have been gaining in popularity as material for airplane construction.

We know what the development of the motor car did for a score or more of older industries. It transformed the steel game and developed the oil trade past all reckoning. It sent hundreds of thousands of young men into the mines, the woods, and the far corners of the earth, getting out materials from which motor cars are fabricated. Even the plate-glass industry received an impetus little short of amazing. I could go on without limit, through the chemical laboratories, the factories of almost every industry, and point out how the gradual growth of aviation must have a mighty influence on each one. But most of all I like to think of the influence this development must have on our every-day lives. That is the way Lindbergh sees aviation; in his expressions of opinion he has said very little that the aircraft industry has not said before, but for all its strength its voice has been weak and without effect when compared with his very modest and mild remarks.

Still, the fact that the industry can vouch for his statements should assure people of their practicability. Take air transport, for example; we have none of it as yet, compared with that which we shall see immediately after the public adopts aviation as a recognized, practical art as substantial as surface methods. And, aside from converting the public, Lindbergh has furnished the industry itself with renewed hopes; there is a promise for the near future that cannot help but inspire the engineers, the builders, and the owners of air lines and factories to expand and extend their efforts, to develop safe aircraft and popularize flying.

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# The Topknot Nine

## Japan Changes Her National Game from Wrestling to Baseball

### By ADACHI KINNOSUKE

NIPPON is getting to be a fairly good-sized nation—more than 80,000,000 of us now. When a nation of more than 80,000,000 changes its national game, it's something of an event. When the change is from wrestling (old as our august ancestors' hallowed institution of burying a dozen faithful retainers alive with a dead lord to accompany him on his journey through the Shadow World) to baseball, it may claim the passing interest of our American friends.

And that, precisely, is what has happened in that Land of the Gods.

More than thirty years ago the writer was a prep. in a mission school in Tokyo called then Aoyama Eiwa Gakko, founded and supported by American Methodists. A young American instructor there used to present us once in a while with a real baseball "made in U. S. A." We used to celebrate the gift with imposing festal rites. The ball mania seized the college boys of Japan just about that time, and has been coming down the corridor of barking years like a good-sized avalanche ever since.

A few years ago, when I was back in Japan, I lost my way not far from that "Cradle of Nippon Culture" called Nara and found myself on the outskirts of a modest village. Suddenly a merry burst of yelling and shouting young voices came from the other side of a pine grove directly ahead of me. A wrestling match at a temple festival, I thought, and walked dreamily on in the amiable smile of the late April sunshine. But an instant later I pulled myself up sharply.

For to my astounded ears came the Japanese version of "Kill the umpire! Boil him in oil!" "Slide, Taro, slide!" and "Atta boy!" with all the thunderous ardor of which no American back lot has any reason to be ashamed. The Black Dragon Nine—I believe that was the modest name of the village school team—was in battle royal against the frenzied cohort of White Tiger braves. They were in a death grapple for the inter-village supremacy in the American National pastime. I sunk down on a roadside rock; I felt a bit dizzy. The meaning of the thing struck me like another light "on the road to Damascus." Ball games were nothing new in Japan. In Tokyo the Waseda, the Keio, the Imperial, and other universities had been fighting for the well-known Six-University League championship for years. A ball game in Tokyo or Osaka was just a ball game—not a thing more. What I saw at the village near Nara is another thing—quite.

IT was the story—and in pretty vivid colors, too—of Nippon's change of her national game. And there they were, a couple of village primary schools yelling like Indians—little girls quite as shrill and emphatic as their brothers—and telling the story. They told of the passing of wrestling as our national sport and the coming of baseball to take its place. For a sight like this in an obscure mountain village in Japan, a brief quarter of a century back, would have been more than a mere miracle; it would have been entirely unthinkable. Far in the back counties of Tamba, along the sterile shores of the Nippon Sea, away from great centers of population, I saw the same thing. More—much more—the ball fever with our people was wider than Nippon proper. I saw Japanese school-children playing baseball in Seoul, the ancient capital city of Chosen, and in Mukden in Manchuria. Wherever the children of Nippon went I found they took two things along with them—cherry blossoms and baseball.

The baseball conquest of Nippon is quite as deep as it is wide. The story of Topknot Nine proves that.

TOPKNOT NINE came into existence nearly a decade ago, and in Tokyo. At the time it was quite the sport sensation of the Empire. Topknot Nine—because the ball team was made up entirely of the old-school Japanese wrestlers of more or less renown. Now professional wrestlers of Nippon are a race apart. They differ from the general run of us in their physical make-up; most of them weigh more than 250 pounds; most of them are more than six feet tall; and they are perhaps the most consistently and persistently conservative folks among us. They insist on wearing the old topknots of their ancestors in this frenzied year of progress, 1927. They have flatly refused to see a plain fact that topknots were worn when our ancestors had a pair of swords at their girdles. Not only that; our wrestlers sported their topknots as a challenge and a jeer on all this new-fangled imported bunk sometimes called Occidental civilization. All that is precisely why and how the ball team Topknot Nine tells the story of the coming of a new national game with eloquence and significance above compare. When Tokyo saw these stubborn guardians of moss-back traditions cutting didoes over the diamond, it sat up and took considerable notice. For it knew very well that it was face to face with a sport miracle of the age.

IN the autumn of 1920 a number of American big league stars visited Japan. It just so happened that at the time there was quite a lively reaction on the part of Young Japan against all the tumultuous anti-Japanese propaganda agitations in the United States. College boys of Tokyo were then staging a number of mass-meetings at which anti-American fever ran rather high. But when the American baseball stars hove into sight our half-ripe manhood promptly forgot all about international politics. All such extravagant nonsense as a possibility of an American-Japanese war ceased to trouble their bubbling souls as by magic. At the Waseda University American big leaguers were entertained by old Marquis Okuma. They were literally mobbed on the University campus—not by anti-American fanatics, but by the sheer violence of flaming enthusiasm with which they were welcomed! There is a good deal more in this diplomacy through international sports than the old fossils in the chancelleries of the world have any idea of. No such tremendous crowd, not a fraction of any such burst of enthusiasm, ever greeted the return of our delegation



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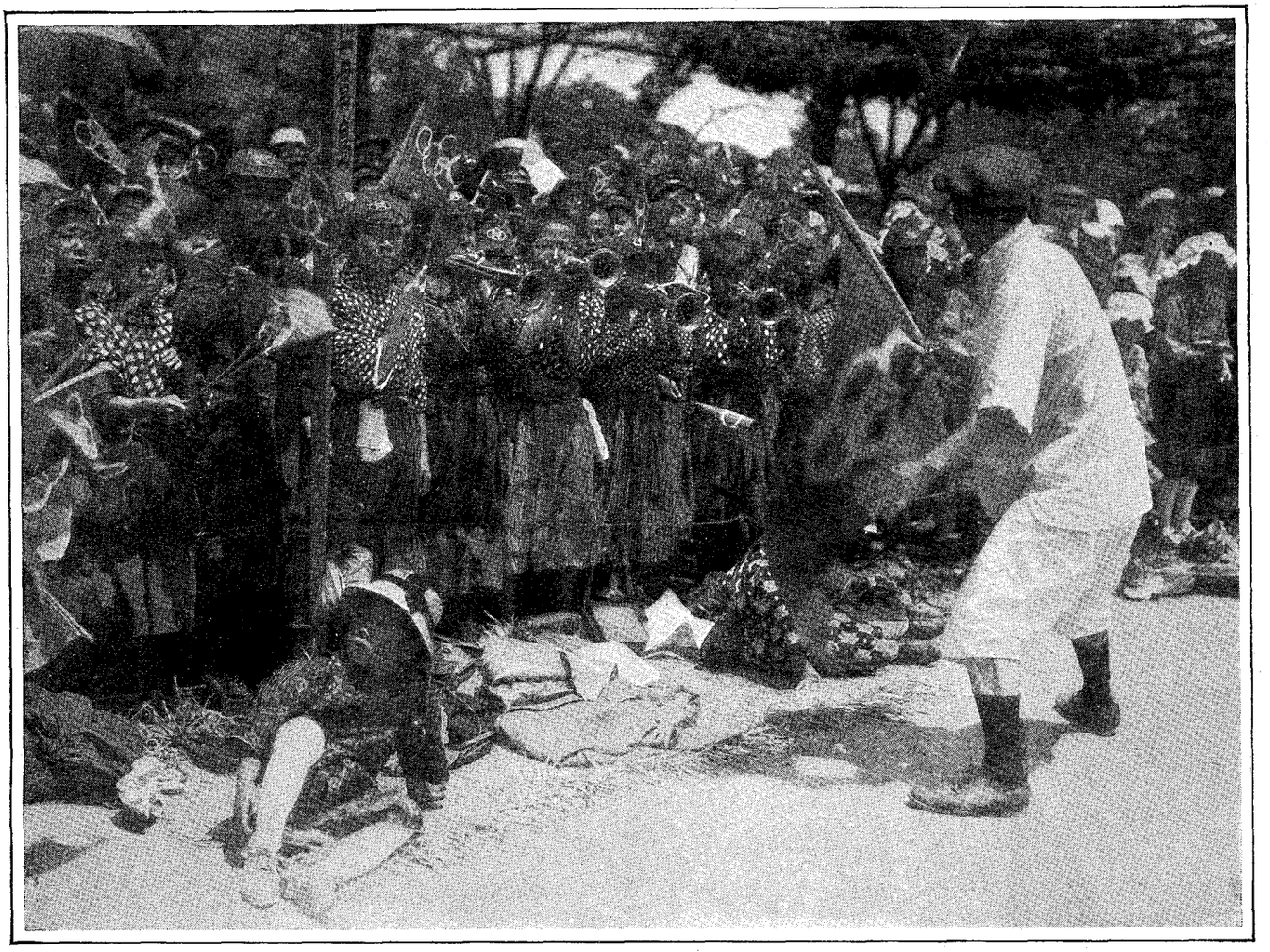

**Cheer leading as well as baseball has made a successful passage of the Pacific**

from the Paris Peace Conference or from the Washington Conference. Altogether it was an eloquent and complete testimony of the conquest of the American pastime.

After the Topknot Nine, one should be prepared for almost anything. One is not disappointed in that. Our theater folks have had their ball teams, and by the dozen and for many years. And what is really remarkable about it all is that those ball teams were not formed by their press agents for copy. The men of our army took to the sport with quite as much enthusiasm as our school-children. To-day all the vacant spaces about the barracks are alive with mirth and life, as are all the back lots in cities and villages after school hours.

The ball epidemic did not stop with the brute and unbeautiful sex in Japan. The geisha ladies suffered from a severe case of baseball fever. And that took place in the city of Osaka in the spring of 1922. Since then fair movie stars and those of other theatrical firmaments followed also. As for the young ladies of the Woman's University in Tokyo and a number of other female institutions of learning in the capital city, they have had their ball teams for years.

But the half has never yet been told. Listen to the following:

THE Rev. M. E. Hall, a missionary of the American Board, was stationed at Kyoto. Kyoto is the Mecca of Japanese Buddhists and the home of the great Higashi Hongan Temple—one of the two mother temples of the Shinshu sect of Buddhism. One day the American missionary was astounded to receive from the Abbot of the great Nishihongan Temple a challenge. It was the nature of the challenge which dumfounded the Rev. Mr. Hall. It was not a challenge to a public debate on the respective merits of the two great faiths of mankind. The challenge was for a game of baseball. The Buddhist priests of Higashi Honganji wished to play against the nine composed of the students and instructors of his Christian Bible class.

With a directness thoroughly American, the Rev. Mr. Hall took the challenge from the Abbot of the Higashi Hongan Temple and read it before his Bible class. There was an explosion of excitement which was not particularly Christian—or Buddhistic, for that matter. That was the first time that a Christian Bible class was called upon to vision a lot of young Buddhist priests alive and up to date enough to challenge a combination of American and Japanese Christian ball players on the field of battle.

The challenge was promptly accepted. And there was nothing of the spirit of turning your left cheek to the enemy who smites you on your right about the acceptance—not the faintest shadow of it. Great and rich newspapers of the United States or their mighty Associated Press never spent so much as a nickel on a cable to report the game. It was an epochal event, all the same. It was the first time that the followers of gentle Gotama and of the lowly Nazarene fought for a decision in this manly sport—the first time perhaps in the history of the human race.

The game was played on the grounds of the Higashi Hongan Temple. A brief quarter of a century ago just a bare thought of staging a ball game on the hallowed grounds of Higashi Honganji would not only have been astounding to the pious imagination of the faithful of

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Photograph from Adachi

**First baseman of the Topknot Nine, a baseball team composed of professional wrestlers who cling to the traditional manner of dressing their hair**

the Lord of Grace, but also utterly impossible. For the Abbot of Higashi Honganji to suggest such a thing as a match game of baseball between his young priests and Christians was a good deal more than preposterous. It would have proved about the shortest cut to an insane asylum for the holy Abbot.

THE eventful day came, and the Christian stalwarts marched through the great temple gate and on into the temple grounds. The sight that greeted them made most of them pinch themselves. They were not at all sure they were awake. What they saw was the Buddhist nine limbering up in a preliminary work-out. But that was not the thing which made their eyes impatient of their sockets. It was the sight of the holy Abbot. His Holiness was playing short-stop. Did somebody say, in a hasty, silly moment, that there is nothing new under the sun? The ball players of the Bible class did not need the assistance of a prophet to see the error of the old saying. For there was something entirely and unspeakably new under the sun, right in front of their noses—playing short-stop.

The amazement of the Christians did not stop there. It kept right along as the game went on. Inning after inning came and went, and not a tally chalked up for either the Buddhists or the Christians. And for eight innings the faithfuls of the two world cults fought, raged, and chased like Indians for nothing more meritorious than a row of zeros. The onward-marching Christian warriors who had stepped into the holy grounds with a sunny idea of "eating 'em alive" could not understand it at all.

The frame was quite as remarkable as the picture:

The temple court of Higashi Honganji, where the ghosts of billions upon billions of whispered prayers of the faithful forever wander in the mellow echoes of its huge temple bell, was packed, and with the strangest ball fans the game had ever seen. They were the pious pilgrims gathered at the Buddhist Mecca from all the corners of the Empire, bringing to the Lord of Grace their offerings of soft-murmured prayers a thousand times repeated. For centuries the temple court had been sacred to the pious imagination of Nippon—with no more jarring note to disturb its scented peace than the far chanting of Sutras. And now—the sight and sounds at that historic game were enough to stagger the whole Buddhist world.

I DID not see that game; I wish I had. It must have been a corker. The simple unadorned score tells the story with eloquence all its own—neither side put a single run across the home plate for eight weary innings! Excellent enough for a major league record. Then in the first half of the ninth something chilled the spines of the Christians and fired the hearts of the thousand Buddhist pilgrims: a young shaven-headed warrior raced across the plate—for the first tally of the game. And for a good many minutes the sun went completely out of the Christian sky. In the second half of that thrilling ninth the Christians came to bat. Young Hara, a son of the President of the Doshisha University, the greatest Christian university in Japan, founded by the famous Niishima, swung as for a star—and drove a clean one to center. Then Mr. Shiverly, an American professor at the Doshisha University, lined to right. And that put two Christians on Buddhistic bases—on second and third. Another batter rapped one squarely at his Holiness the Abbot playing short-stop. And in spite of mountains of merits which surely must be his, the perverse ball sped between his wide-planted feet into the outer darkness of evil *karma*. And victory came over the ancient hills of Kyoto—to the Christian force; for the two men on bases chased home: Christians 2; Buddhists 1.

IN October, last year, baseball achieved quite a social distinction in Nippon. The present reigning Emperor, Hirohito, who was then Prince Regent of the Empire, went out to the ball grounds of the Outer Garden of the famous Meiji Shrine to see one of the heated tussles in the Six-University League championship argument. The Prince liked the game—liked it so well that he donated a cup, the Regent's Cup. It is the Emperor's Cup now—no less. Henceforth and forever, therefore, the game is safe from silly noses turned up in jeer and derision at the "cheap rabble sport." And this act of the Emperor would carry the game a long way in the affection of the people as the new national game of Nippon.

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# Democracy in Criticism

## By CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

A GENUINE cultivation should be capable of appreciating, each for its particular degree of individual, intrinsic merit, things widely, even totally dissimilar. Your true blue-blood, to the manner born aristocrat of art should be as capable of perceiving merit in a pair of slap-stick comedians or the piano playing of Mr. Phil Ohman as he perceives it in Raquel Meller or Paderewski. The critic who turns up his nose at the popular appeal is analogous to the social climber who is fearful of being seen bowing to his chambermaid or of speaking civilly to his chauffeur.

This is not meant in a sententious or didactic spirit, but merely as a prelude to the following deeply felt and sincere thesis. Which is, very loosely and imperfectly, something as follows:

It is more or less a fact of life that human beings possess very little capacity for an instinctive, spontaneous appreciation of intrinsic merit. Merit must have a marriage license, so to speak, or a birth certificate. Place eight persons out of ten in the presence of an anonymous art manifestation, and the chances are they will be totally unable to appraise the matter with even an approximate degree of accuracy.

All of which is as old as the hills. But here are one or two concrete examples of the way this principle works against much that, in its way, is potentially vital and oftentimes worthy of the highest praise.

IT is generally conceded to-day by persons sufficiently honest and courageous to risk social ostracism by running counter to dyed-in-the-wool, conventional opinion that the old forms of art have, at least temporarily, run dry. Mr. Winthrop Ames may dub as "morons" those of us who champion the motion picture; but the fact remains that Mr. Ames and his Gilbert and Sullivan revivals are of far less importance in a progressive, living sense than even a fifty-fifty picture such as "Wolf's Clothing." It is hardly to be disputed that the theater of the present time has had nothing to show us comparable in progressive and potential significance to at least half a dozen pictures one could mention.

Musically, nothing has come from the "art" musician since Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps." This does not disparage Ravel's "La Waltz" as a bit of exquisite, enticing sound; it means merely that the last gesture of unmistakable, arresting originality that "art" music, so to speak, has had to give us is already thirteen to fourteen years old.

What I am trying to get at is something like this: Our newspaper critics (all critics, for that matter) are still trained only (in so far as they are trained at all) to know their way about in the old worn-out, stereotyped ruts. To come down to hard-pan, and talk specifically and concretely, a newspaper retains a music critic, whose life is lived almost exclusively between Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan Opera House, and a dramatic critic, who may know a good play when he sees one, but who is, in the very nature of the case, unqualified to perceive and appreciate merit if it is off the beaten track.

NOW the point is that merit to-day *is* off the beaten track. We send our Mr. Gilman and so on to Carnegie Hall or the Metropolitan Opera House, where the deadly, dreary steam-roller of classic routine goes its circumscribed way year after year, or we send our rollicking, sagacious Mr. Hammond to the theater, which offers as its high-water mark an ineffectual, pseudo-scientific burlesque such as "The Silver Cord" or a charming but insignificant and technically infirm "Saturday's Children."

Now all this time—to use a figure—while these appraisers are sitting on the high stools of respectable criticism, the true creative impulses of our day are running about in little cracks and crevices beneath their feet. And there is no one to perceive, appreciate, encourage, exalt these infinite but always obscure rivulets of creative energy that have broken loose from the placid rivers of tradition and assured respectability.

The actual results can be indicated fifty times over; although I despair at the effort; for the matter runs counter to your standpatter, your academician, your *précieux*. But, as I am already looked upon by the "best people" as a sort of village idiot, I jot down the following few illustrations.

THE American musical show of to-day, individually and collectively, projects an impact of propulsive, energizing sound that represents, not only a totally new force in music, but, precisely, the *one* living impulse in contemporary musical art. The persistent thump and thud of the "Black Bottom" number from "Scandals" is revolutionary. Go from here to Mr. Gershwin's "Oh, Kay!" and listen to the infinitely dexterous rhythmic ingenuities of Mr. Phil Ohman. Put Mr. Ohman on the Carnegie Hall platform and tell people that this is Stravinsky (a new Patroushka, for example), and they will have the time of their lives. Mr. Ohman is rhythm incarnate; and out of this environment have come the two compositions that we may properly look upon as "real stuff"—"The Rhapsody in Blue" and the Piano Concerto of George Gershwin. But who is hailing this sort of thing? Who is directing attention to the unprecedented charm and technical value of music such as this? Our critics, who ought to be ratifying this sort of thing, are reviewing Mr. Deems Taylor's "King's Henchman," a nondescript work which merely parallels respectable tradition.

Another instance. Has any one called attention to the cinema score of "The Big Parade," one of the most astounding and inexplicable bits of musical psychology I know? I will guarantee to specify a half a dozen moments in this score that can stand comparison with the most vividly apt illustrative music of all time. For example, the development of the love theme touches hands with Wagner at his best; the "Buddy" theme on the trumpets in the shell-hole sequence is as haunting a passage of atmospheric music as music has to offer us; and for the music accompanying the advance through the woods—despite its obvious derivation from "Parsifal"—there are no words of praise strong enough. And yet—with the exception of the present writer—this pre-eminent example of what music can do in association with the cinema's magnified and acute appeal to the sense of sight has been totally overlooked. What is the answer? Probably because nobody technically familiar with music goes to see "The Big Parade." Heaven knows, as sheer picture alone, "The Big Parade" has been almost totally unappreciated, despite the fact that it is the greatest dramatic manifestation of this age. In view of this, we can hardly expect that the marvelous eloquence of its musical accompaniment should receive recognition.

AND so we pass on to a colossal manifestation, in another sense, which likewise is ungratefully snubbed



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because it is not on the beat, so to speak, of the official patrolmen of criticism. Some of my respectable friends have expressed anxiety over my future because of my repeated commendation of the present tendency towards conglomerate and grandiose forms of entertainment. I do not wish to give them pain; but it is an infirmity of mine to be compelled to give the devil his due. Recently, for example, Mr. Rothafel (our "Roxy") gave the people of this city an entertainment for which they paid fifty cents and at which they obtained three numbers that paralleled—exceeded, as a matter of fact—anything of a similar nature on view in this city to-day. I refer specifically to the Javanese dance, the silhouette dance, and the cabaret scene. This last is paralleled only by the "Figgity Feet" and "Clap Yo' Hands" numbers from "Oh, Kay!" but the difference is that the Roxy theater gave this to the public for fifty cents, whereas "Oh, Kay!" gives it to you at three dollars and thirty cents. Mr. Levitsky's encore the other day at this establishment gave the public a value for their money that is not given them to the same degree elsewhere. And yet the tendency is to sneer at this sort of thing. The Roxy theater may be a creation of the devil, and it may degenerate into crushing vulgarity; at present one faces the concrete, stark fact that it is furnishing a combination of the highest level of excellence at the lowest cost level that has been effected in the experience of this writer.

What I am trying to get at is the fact that merit is too often unrecognized when it is found in places where it is unexpected. Obviously, the press cannot retain a half-dozen specialists in criticism; and only once in a thousand years have we a man of comprehensive appreciation capable of hitting the nail of genuine merit on the head, irrespective of whether he comes across it in a Broadway motion-picture house or the Metropolitan Museum. But as a result the more or less hybrid, in-between forms of expression will suffer; whether it be the music of a Victor Herbert or a Gershwin, the piano playing of a Phil Ohman, an epochal and authentic art work such as "The Big Parade," or a colossal and original showman such as Rothafel.

I PLEAD, therefore, in conclusion, for a greater alertness on the part of the average person. Let him learn, if possible, to appreciate merit on its own, so to speak. For the critic merely follows the beaten path. Take him out of his rut, and present him with a good jazz band, a "Big Parade," a Phil Ohman, or a Roxy spectacle at its best, and he is incapable of competent reactions. Art to-day is overflowing the banks of old-fashioned tradition. Its manifestations are changing in conformity with our present vast, precipitant, synthetic age. Under the circumstances, we have greater need than ever before of adaptability and breadth in our critical viewpoint.

# Wanted—A Plan and a Billion Dollars

## Special Correspondence from New Orleans, by DIXON MERRITT

CONTROL of the Mississippi River is possible. But it constitutes no easy, quick, cheap job—such, for instance, as was the digging of the Panama Canal.

That is the firm belief of practically everybody in the inundated area of the Lower Mississippi Valley.

They know that control of the river is no cheap job. They have learned that lesson from levee building—which never has controlled the river, and which unaided, they now believe, never will control it. Every running foot of levee costs from one dollar to five dollars and, on the average, has to be rebuilt once in seven years.

Since the flood of 1882 the people of the area subject to flood have paid out of their own pockets something over one hundred and sixty million dollars for levee construction and levee repairs. That is, roughly, eight dollars an acre, not merely for land fronting on the river, but for all land subject to overflow, some of it eighty miles from the river; not merely for improved land, but for all land. The Federal Government has spent an additional sum sufficient to bring the total per acre up to twelve dollars. And that does not include anything of the cost, borne by the landowners themselves, of draining the land back of the levees, its natural drainage cut-off.

Much of the land, in a wild state, would not bring twelve dollars an acre to-day.

The people of the flood basins have realized that they cannot protect themselves, that to do so would mean more than bankruptcy. What the present levees have cost—these broken levees—is hardly a fourth, according to engineering estimates, of the cost of genuinely adequate levees—if it is conceded that such levees are possible.

Consequently, the Lower Mississippi Valley is crying loudly to the Nation for recognition of the question as a National question. The people down there have contended that this is true because the water which pours over them is not their water, but the water of thirty-two States. Secretary of Commerce Hoover told them that they have been much too modest in their claim. The question is a National one, he said, because the impoverishment resulting from floods reduces the purchasing power and the taxpaying power of the whole section, is reflected throughout the whole country and in the Government itself.

THE people of the flood country, however, are not squeamish as to the basis upon which the country recognizes this problem as National. They want recognition on any basis.

A thing more surprising is that there are very few persons left in the Valley wedded to any particular plan of protection. They are genuinely convinced that nobody knows an adequate plan. They believe that it will take the ablest minds of America working together, and perhaps for a long time, to find the plan. What they want is to see the ablest minds put upon the task, under Government sanction.

They are inclined to be insistent upon just one detail—that not all the minds shall be the minds of Army engineers. For the moment, at least, they are somewhat disgusted with Army engineers. They say it is a part of the code and creed of the Corps of Engineers that nothing done by the corps shall ever be proved wrong, and that therefore adherence to the system of levees alone has continued after it has been proved a fallacy.

IN this contention there is, no doubt, more than a grain of truth. The Army engineers have not believed in spillways—the feature on which the mind of the Valley runs just now. But there are other reasons why nothing constructive has ever been done about spillways.

One of those other reasons is that the leaders of the section have not been in

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agreement about it. Perhaps a majority of them have been convinced for some time that spillways should be constructed, but they have disagreed violently as to where they should be constructed.

Somewhere else—not here!

That has been the attitude of every locality with regard to spillways.

Consider the extreme point of the delta, that neck of land below New Orleans that bends far out to the southeast. The question of opening the levees was no new one when, before the height of the recent flood, it became necessary to make an artificial crevasse at Poydras. For a long time informed persons had known that some of the water must be let out of the river above the sprangled mouths.

It is not possible—has not been possible for some time—to build the levees there any higher, any heavier. Already their weight is all that the muck soil will support. Piling more dirt on top of them would not result in raising them, but in sinking them. For some time the necessity for a spillway there has been apparent.

But when the question arose of where to make it, whether higher or lower, east side or west side, there was no agreement. Everybody wanted it somewhere else.

FARTHER up the river the question is not new either. The necessity for a spillway on the east side, the Mississippi side, has been urged, and even somewhat generally recognized for years. But Mississippians have always objected on the ground that to construct such a spillway would be to injure seriously the Mississippi coast, that string of Gulf ports and Gulf-side resorts from Pascagoula through Biloxi and Gulfport to Bay St. Louis and Pass Christian.

New Orleans has argued that those towns, while in Mississippi, are really one great suburb of New Orleans and that, as the safety of the parent city depends upon the spillway, the children towns ought to be willing to submit to some small measure of inconvenience. But this argument has never, until just now, convinced the Mississippians. Indeed, it did not convince them just now. They were convinced by the flooding of all the low-lying western part of their State, the magnificent delta country that is their pride and boast. Their Senator, once strong in opposing any east side spillway, has recently said that if a spillway there is necessary it must, of course, be constructed.

THAT is typical of one of the things that the recent flood has done. It has taken the conceit, not to mention the stubbornness, out of a great many people. Almost it seems that the Valley has found the jewel of unity in this toad's head of adversity.

Preconceptions have been got rid of, too, by leaders of public opinion not residents of the Valley.

Gifford Pinchot, former Governor of Pennsylvania, first Chief Forester of the United States, pioneer in forestry in this country, was in the flooded area when I was. One day John M. Parker, former Governor of Louisiana and flood relief dictator for that State, sent the two of us out with one of his scouts to look at a threatened levee. It was such a day of rain as those confined to less humid regions may never have seen. We worked our way up into that neck of land between False River and the true Mississippi. We turned into a dirt road, slippery as soap. The automobile slid easily into a ditch and rolled painlessly onto its side.

We commandeered a Negro who happened to be in the neighborhood with a wagon and team of mules. He hauled us for three miles. It was just as well that the car was in the ditch. It never could have gone over that road. When the wagon could go no farther, we got out and tramped.

All the way, riding, bumping, walking, Forester Pinchot's eyes were caressing the magnificent live-oaks. His love for the trees would, temporarily, crowd down his interest in the flood situation.

IN one of those bends where the Mississippi has eaten up hundreds of acres of plantation land we found a force of men under the command of a sturdy planter of Scotch stock trying to tie the veins in a bleeding levee. Forester Pinchot was Citizen Pinchot, attentive to every detail of the heroic effort to save an area from inundation. The boss of the gang said that the effort would be successful.

We started for a telephone, several miles away, to report to the Director. Another gang of levee workers had lifted our car out of the ditch. When we were in it, Governor Pinchot said:

"I sincerely believe that reforestation at the head-waters of the streams would go a long way toward preventing this sort of thing. But I am a forester. I may be unduly enthusiastic for forestry as a preventive. I am willing to lay all that on the table. What I want to see is a comprehensive plan, worked out by the best mind of the Nation, including everything that is necessary to insure the Valley against destruction."

That is typical of those who have thought deeply into the problem. No man believes that he has the solution. All men want to see the best of American intellect applied to finding it.

THE people of the Valley, too, are thinking of reforestation, though it must be mainly done in areas far removed from the flood territory. They do not believe that reforestation is itself the solution. They recall that one of the worst floods in history, that of 1796, occurred when the forests had hardly been touched, and that another, that of 1844, came when there were more forests along the tributaries of the Mississippi than can ever be, within reason, replanted.

They are thinking of impounding water in the upper reaches of the tributaries, but they are not looking to that alone as the solution. They say that impounded water would inevitably be released sometimes when it would increase rather than diminish the flood.

But they are looking to reforestation and impounding and other things to take a little of the crest off of the floods, so that the keeping of the water in bounds along the lower reaches will not be a task so utterly impossible.

They are thinking more of levees than of anything else, but they are convinced that these levees must have outlets. They do not believe that any levees that man could build would hold all the way to the Gulf all the water that came down this spring. If the levees through Mississippi and Arkansas had held, they argue, holding in all the water that overflowed those States, nothing could have controlled it when it rolled down upon New Orleans.

They are thinking of outlets—spillways—by which certain bayous may be permitted to take away as much of the water as they will. In that connection, they are thinking of abandoning some of their lands, permitting them to revert to swamp. They are thinking, also, of creating artificial flood basins, inclosed by lateral moles and the terminal hills, in which flood water may be impounded. They know that there is a question as to whether spillways can be made effective, know that they may fill in with silt or else break beyond control. But none the less they are thinking strongly of spillways.

And they are thinking of a different kind of levee, one made largely of concrete and slanting far down the bank, what engineers call revetments, that may force the river to scour its channel deeper. They are thinking of straightening the river at some places, though they know that when the bends are taken out

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the current will be speeded up and that the stream will set about making new bends.

They are thinking of bigger things than any of these.

They are thinking of opening up tne Atchafalaya and turning into it, under control and when necessary, by such short system of canals as is needed, the waters of the Red and the Arkansas; thus of relieving the Mississippi proper at flood times of the waters of all its Western tributaries except the Missouri.

They are thinking of what might be done with the Ohio and the Tennessee. Nobody knows whether, at Paducah, the Tennessee flows into the Ohio or the Ohio into the Tennessee. The latter seems the larger stream and in more direct line of the combined channel.

And the Tennessee does a strange, a seemingly unnatural thing. After having flowed south for a long distance to a point along the line between Alabama and Mississippi, it flows north across Tennessee and Kentucky. There are few other streams in the United States that flow north.

Why should not the Tennessee flow south from that point on the Alabama-Mississippi line and, being turned back upon itself, bring the Ohio along with it —a repetition on a grand scale of what was done with the Chicago River to make the drainage canal? From the point where the Tennessee turns north as it now flows a comparatively short canal would connect it with the Tombigbee, thus taking all those Eastern waters into the Gulf at Mobile.

The people of the Valley are thinking of all those things, and of many others. They do not know what any of them is worth. But they want them considered for what they are worth by the ablest board that can be found in the United States—or in the world.

They are thinking, roughly, that it will take from three-quarters of a billion to a billion dollars to do the work necessary to the control of the Mississippi River.

# The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

## The Price of Books

By CARL L. CANNON

BOOKS increase in importance as news, and the books which get large headlines are volumes which first saw the light a century or more ago, or else are insignificant pamphlets which appear in auction catalogues baited with such tantalizing notes as "only two other known copies." The fact that the proceeds realized from their sale often equals that of important parcels of real estate or the cost of a seagoing yacht is a good reason why these books qualify as news, but probably a still more important one is that new records are constantly being "hung up," and this gives a new auction of old favorites all the gambling thrill of a sporting contest.

If a first folio Shakespeare brought $13,000 in 1911, what price will another copy bring at the sale just approaching? This is the question that brings to an auction-room hundreds of collectors who follow the game like racing enthusiasts. There is small wonder that with the growth of large fortunes in the United States book collectors should multiply, for the pursuit of rare volumes has all the features that give zest to a rich man's hobby.

Research and scholarship are rewarded in the collection of book rarities as in no other field. The number of authors which the world is not willing to let die is simply enormous, and the number of titles belonging to some of them makes the rounding out of a complete "set" the pleasure of a lifetime. It must further be remembered that every one of these numerous titles has its "points," many so fine that only a meticulous collector would notice them. Thus the book collector regards his hunt as a distinguished pastime.

For there are more points of importance about books than about stamps, though many books are intrinsically not worth the price paid for them. The most that can be said for a stamp is that it is rare, while a book may be, and often is, rare, and of supreme historical or literary importance. The collecting of masterpieces in oils may be, though this point is disputable, more exhilarating, but the number of first-class pieces appearing for sale is rapidly diminishing, while the prices fetched by the most desirable canvases put them beyond the reach of all save a handful of financiers.

The bibliomaniac enjoys, first of all, his "mint" copies. He has "firsts" and first issues of "firsts," "missing maps," tricky editions with the unsuspected misspelled word, fourth line from bottom page twenty, "uncut" copies (that pitfall for the uninitiated), large paper and limited editions, association copies, and annotated copies in the author's own hand, besides many more obscure distinctions which enable the knowing ones to display erudition and scholarship. Your true collector and his agent, the dealer, will follow the history of ownership in a famous book with all the zeal of a genealogist tracing his family tree.

But while collecting the richest prizes is reserved to wealthy men, the widening field of interest in books makes it a game that a clever amateur, with limited resources, can play with both amusement and profit. Witness the prodigious prices paid for the "firsts" of authors still alive (a first of Kipling's "Echoes" fetched $1,150 at the Quinn sale three years ago), for authors still in their late twenties or early thirties (a special edition of Edna Millay's "King's Henchman" was offered at $25 by the publisher), or, indeed, for books scarcely cold from the press. And, despite the growing knowledge of booksellers, the chances of an unexpected "find" has not altogether disappeared. A few weeks ago an innocent collector picked out of a pile of pamphlets in a Brooklyn shop the fourth known copy of Poe's "Tamerlane," and for a few cents became the possessor of a treasure which he disposed of a fortnight later, according to newspaper reports, to the tune of $15,000.

When such stories become generally known, a swarm of elderly people appear in public libraries carrying books picked out of a chest of family relics. Most of the titles bear a name famous in literature, but turn out to be "pirates," "seconds," or worse. Old family libraries yield a surprisingly meager number of valuable books.

The tentative beginnings of auction selling offers an amusing contrast to the prosperous condition with which we are familiar to-day. In 1676 the library of Lazarus Seaman was sold by William Cooper, bookseller of Little Britain, under the following announcement:

"Reader, it hath not been usual here

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in England to make sale of Books by way of auction, or who will give most for them: But it having been practiced in other countreys to the advantage of both buyers and sellers, it is therefore conceived (for the encouragement of Learning) to publish the sale of these Books in this manner of way, and it is hoped that it will not be unacceptable to Schollers. . . ."

Prices at this time were very modest. In 1678 a second folio Shakespeare brought 16 shillings, and in 1682 eleven Caxtons fetched the sum of £3 4*s*. 2*d*. Chaucer's translation of Boethius's "Consolations of Philosophy" enhanced in value between 1678 and 1897, as shown by the auction record, from 5*s*. to £510.

Few collectors who haunt New York auction-rooms to-day, however, realize the dizzy rate at which prices are being accelerated. Records that served as guides before the close of the Great War are practically ignored. Many of the veterans can remember the old days of Bangs's auction-rooms in New York and Libby's in Boston, when prices were bid up at 10 cents per bid. Now nothing less than a dollar bid is accepted, and advances of five and ten dollars are becoming frequent. On the more expensive "pieces" advances of one hundred dollars are not uncommon.

But of all classes of books, the most sensational advances have been recorded in the field of Americana. Considered of slight significance before 1800, the earliest pieces are now beyond the reach of all except the wealthiest collectors. What are known as fundamental source documents, such as the Columbus letters, early collections of voyages of discovery, or accounts of events in the North American colonies, Mexico, or South America, are worth a moving-picture actress's ransom.

Nor is this all the tale. For what was regarded ten years ago as material of secondary importance has now been taken up by collectors who found the atmosphere surrounding documents of the period of discovery too rarefied for comfort. Western Americana dealing with the conquest of the wide open spaces beyond the Mississippi have forced their way into the limelight. Five years ago conservative New York dealers were sagely prophesying that the peak of prices had passed, and that all Western "stuff" would drop fifty per cent within the next twelvemonth. Yet at the Braislin sale in April of this year a book of 180 pages printed at Denver in 1879 brought $345; an emigrant's guide to Pike's Peak printed at Leavenworth in 1859 fetched $525; a volume on Indians struck off at the office of a newspaper in Waterloo, Illinois, in 1846 brought $500; a route across the Rocky Mountains, as described by an early pioneer and put in print in Lafayette, Indiana, in 1846, cost its purchaser $550; while a pamphlet in wrappers describing the adventures of a California Forty-niner was valued at $105, although it was printed at St. Joseph, Missouri, as recently as 1896.

This is very fine for collectors who can afford it, and at the date this is written no complaints have been heard from the proprietors of auction-rooms, but there is a social factor of first importance that may easily be overlooked. The higher the prices commanded by books, the fewer of them find their way into public libraries for the use of scholars who can never afford to own them.

## Fiction

**DEEP FURROWS.** By Robert W. Ritchie. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.

A romance of the prune orchards of California. A brilliant New York newspaper man and "star re-writer" suddenly loses his job. He makes money for a while by writing crude and "peppy" short stories until he can stomach that work no longer. He goes out to the prune orchards and becomes a squirrel poisoner—which is a new rôle for a hero, we take it. In time he gets a small fortune (not, however, by earning it), is cleared of a murder charge, brings his faithful, waiting wife to the great open spaces, and hires others, we trust, to do the squirrel poisoning.

**THE ISLANDERS.** By Helen Hull. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Finely and largely conceived, soundly wrought, with every one of the many characters distinct and alive; not a historical novel in the usual sense, yet filled with a living sense of history and change during seventy-five years, "The Islanders" is a novel which inclines the cautious reviewer to pause for a little that an unwonted enthusiasm may cool down, if it will, to a more discreetly critical tepidity. The story opens with the leaving of the Dacey men-folk of one generation to join the gold rush to California in the 'forties; it closes as young Anne Dacey's lover is starting off for the Great War. Daceys are born, grow up, marry, and die, and we learn to know them intimately, with their wives and children, selfish or self-denying, dull or intelligent. But when they are dull the book is not, nor is it ever drab and depressing when it sets forth the restrictions, pettinesses, disappointments, or tragedies of narrow lives. Always the central figure, and holding the whole together, is Ellen Dacey; young Ellen—middle-aged Ellen—old Ellen; able shrewd, courageous, maternal, tolerant, wise. Her hopes are again and again defeated, but her spirit is never crushed, and through and for her beloved young Anne she is a triumphant Ellen at the end. If only there were a synonym for "inspirational" which did not suggest sermons or consciously uplifting literature—but never mind. Ellen needs no fine adjectives. She is as solid and unsaintly and prosaic and genuine as some of those good small-town women many of us have been fortunate enough to know, and have just taken for granted with respect and more or less affection, but have seldom stopped

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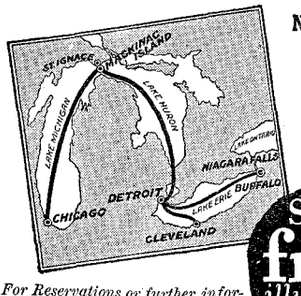


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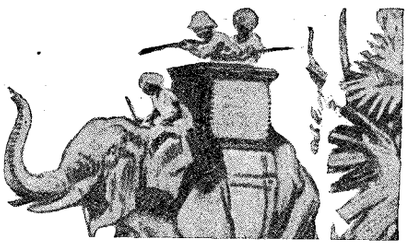

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**IDLE HANDS.** By Janet Fairbanks. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, *Indianapolis*. $2.

A volume of clever and readable short stories, of which the most entertaining and enjoyable, if not the most subtle, is "The Thin Red Line," in which a highbrow British lecturer on crude America and its ways gets his come-uppance in fitting style, and is shocked into showing the good stuff he is made of, after all.

**IMMORTAL LONGINGS.** By Ben Ames Williams. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Under this formidable, uninviting title appears a story of rare charm. It is not a "back to the farm" novel in the usual sense, but it does portray the experience of a rich and tired capitalist who, all but by chance, visits his boyhood New England home. He stops for a day or two, then longer, then permanently. The old house with its family records; the rest and quiet; interest in farm work and neighborhood affairs; and, most decisive of all, a growing love for his refound boyish sweetheart—all affect him rationally and deeply.

**TOMEK THE SCULPTOR.** By Adelaide Eden Phillpotts. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.50.

There is sound art and thorough work in this novel about Bohemian peasants, ardent Czech patriots, and pleasure-loving Austrian nobles who despise the workers. Out of this emerges the youth Tomek, with a desire for plastic art. He struggles to become a great sculptor and to express the national aspiration. His personal life is alternate rapture and bitterness as he loves and finds himself deceived or scorned by women of low and high degree. The book is not one to attract the reader of ordinary sentimental or sensational stories, but it has power and knowledge of men and motives.

**CHAINS.** By Theodore Dreiser. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

Each of these long "short stories" presents a study of one moving element in human nature—ambition, hatred, greed, faith, sex-urge, and so on. Mr. Dreiser, as always, is thorough and stolid in proving his case by every art of realism. We respect him and his work enormously, but a touch now and then of dramatic fire, of humor, of spontaneity, would send his reader away enthusiastic as well as convinced.

**FROM MAN TO MAN.** By Olive Schreiner. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.50.

"From Man to Man," to Olive Schreiner her best-beloved novel, was worked over intermittently for years and remained in the end still unfinished, although so near completion that now it is at last published, seven years after her death, and leaves the reader with no troubling sense of incompleteness. It is an impressive novel, marked by the passion and power, the deeply searching mind, and the nobility of spirit that have rightly established Olive Schreiner's fame. Its faults, like those of her other books, lie chiefly in an excess of its virtues—an unrelieved tensity of feeling and an emotional pull which become exhausting. The author's own quivering sensitiveness to the tragedies of life, especially to the forms of tragedy which life holds for women, amounted almost to morbidness. Yet in real life, we know, she was often merry, she could be even wildly gay; but in literature she could not relax. She had never a light touch, and her art, great as it is at its best, suffers thereby. That said, the rest can be only praise. There are strongly drawn characters, there are passages of lofty imagination, of beauty, and of moving pathos, in "From Man to Man," and there is one terrible chapter, "How the Rain Rains in London," which it would be difficult to forget.

**P. P. C.** By Natalie Sumner Lincoln. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

Detective stories should be told as this one is told, with a zest. Unquestionably, the author loves mystery for its own sake. The story opens with the discovery of the *corpus delicti*. Beautiful Mary Langhorne, bride of a week, has been murdered in a taxicab on the outskirts of Washington. Suspicion falls on most of the members of her father's household; the driver of the "death car;" the murdered girl's husband; and Carl Ashby, a former sweetheart. His own death under violent circumstances eliminates Carl Ashby as a suspect and further deepens the mystery.

The police photograph the retina of the dead man's eye. The photograph shows the optical image retained by the retina—a picture of the last person looked upon in life by the dead man. This increases divertingly the number of wrong guesses possible to the police.

Strange slips of paper bearing the cryptic message "P. P. C." turn up in odd places. No one knows what this means, and "P. P. C." provides incidental mystery music to the drama which engulfs Professor Endicott's family. The story progresses to a point of tautness like that of a coiled wire spring stretched to the limit. The spring is suddenly let fly in almost the last chapter, and things happen pell-mell. The recoil is sufficient to satisfy the most avid reader, though the explanation seems a bit too high a flight of fancy. Fortunately, the police neglected to photograph the retina of Mary Langhorne's eye, or there might have been no mystery.

**BEVAN YORKE.** By W. B. Maxwell. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.50.

For a quarter-century the novels of W. B. Maxwell have held their place in the upper middle class of British fiction. Some have reached a higher level—notably "The Guarded Flame," in its ironic portrait study of Britain's famous Synthetic philosopher, and "Spinster of this Parish," in its warm and moving apotheosis of true love. All have good material of theme and character, and their workmanship, though a little old-fashioned in its solidity, shows the skilled hand of the master craftsman. In "Bevan Yorke" Mr. Maxwell is again at his best. Its quiet earnestness, its entire simplicity and reality, impart a sense of intimate personal acquaintance with the man and the two women whose entangled lives are told in this story of frustration and tragic love. The situation is familiar enough—the man of kindly nature and high attainments (he is an Egyptologist and scholar), comfortably but tepidly married, into whose working life comes a girl, a gifted co-worker and companion, to waken the glamour and romance of passion. It is the way in which circumstance, temperament, and good intentions weave an inextricable and deadly net about three persons, each essentially sincere and high-minded, that gives the story its genuine truth to human experience and makes it both moving and impressive.

**THE MAGIC FORMULA.** By L. P. Jacks. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.50.

Here is a distillation of the philosophic wisdom conveyed in quaint disguise by the eminent editor of the "Hibbert Journal" during the past fifteen years. Dr. Jacks is

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concerned always with the meaning of life. He is philosopher, metaphysician, psychologist, theologian, and social analyst; but these are but the intellectual prisms through which he seeks to penetrate and separate the elements of that mighty atom, the human soul. Many discerning readers know the original, arresting short stories in which his questing mind has found its most effective expression. Five volumes of these stories have been published since 1910, and from these Dr. Jacks has now selected the twelve tales that he thinks "most likely, or least unlikely, to have a human interest irrespective of time and place." It should be added, that of these twelve tales, five (and the best ones) are to be found in the volume "All Men are Ghosts," published by Holt in 1913. Here is "The Magic Formula," injecting relativity into human relations; here experiences that accompany the pursuit of religious faith are told in "A Psychologist among the Saints;" "White Roses" holds a pitiful insight into grief; and the nine other tales offer their curious fantasies of mystical experience, their glimpses of the bewildering interplay of reality and appearance, their sudden flashlight upon the strange phantasmagoria of living.

## Politics and Government

**MOTHER INDIA.** By Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $3.75.

The revelations in Miss Mayo's book indicate that as a "Mother" India is not competent. An experienced observer, she fails to find in Hindustan any conditions that are not home-made. British rule is absolved. Caste, child marriage, over-sex indulgence, hoarding, superstition, and the sacred cow combine to bring perpetual misery to millions. The average expectation of life is but twenty-three years, while the resulting "turnover" of humanity is exhausting and horrible. Seventy million worthless cattle burden the peasantry—kept as deities, but ill treated and steadily deteriorating, so becoming more burdensome every year. The barbarities of child marriage are revealed unsparingly from authentic hospital records. The sacredness of animal life goes no further than to let them live as best they can. Because of sexual habits the race grows annually more degenerate and frail. There is too much higher education and far too little of the primary sort. The result is the educating of office-seekers and non-producers. The British build roads, dig irrigation ditches, and do their best to improve living conditions, only to be baffled by native indifference. Forty per cent of the world's gold production and thirty per cent of its silver vanish annually in India. Money does not work save under usurious conditions, running as high as 33 per cent, but the native will pay the usury rather than touch his hoard. Millions are thus rendered useless. The Nyzam of Hyderabad is supposed to have from $150,000,000 to $200,000,000 of bullion in his store. The soil goes unfertilized as it waxes poorer after every crop. Beggars, vagrants, and fakirs of one sort or another number more than seven millions. Each religious mendicant hires an assistant to carry his bowl for alms-getting. Miss Mayo says Kipling's "Kim" is correct. All the characters are there. The masses are without ambition and do not care to exert themselves beyond procuring a slender subsistence for the day. Leisure is their chief aim. This does not mean that much is not produced. It simply would appear that nothing beneficial results. Indeed, exports exceed imports by $500,000,000 per annum, but more than three-fifths of this huge sum vanishes in the hoardings. Money therefore develops less energy even than the people. The only real activity is travel. Hindus outride every other race. The trains are always full of travelers going nowhere in particular, but out to enjoy motion. Miss Mayo is not moved by the Taj Mahal or the state elephants. She went to see the people, and found them wretched and unpromising. Her candid belief is that the departure of the English would cause the country to revert to the blackest barbarism. The volume is one of deep interest, surcharged with melancholy and hopelessness.

## Question Books

**ASK ME ANOTHER! Series 2.** By Justin Spafford and Lucien Esty. The Viking Press, New York. $1.60.

**ASK ME, TOO! THE JUNIOR QUESTION BOOK.** By J. N. Leonard. The Viking Press, New York. $1.

**WHAT'S YOUR AVERAGE?** By A. H. M., M. L. H., and J. M., Jr. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

**GUESS AGAIN.** By James Monahan and Tom Davin, Assisted by Helen Chandler, of The Outlook. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.50.

**PUTNAM'S JUNIOR QUESTION BOOK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.** By Edith M. Thompson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.25.

**I OUGHT TO KNOW THAT.** By Berton Braley and George B. Hill. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

**THE FOOLISH QUESTION BOOK.** By H. I. Phillips. Edward J. Clode, Inc., New York. $1.

These are a few of the question books now on the market. There were said to be eighteen at the last census, but there are more now. To dislike them is no proof of moral turpitude; to make a poor record in answering their questions is not a sign of intellectual paralysis; to shine at the sport is no proof that you could become President of the United States Steel Corporation if you cared to. They might be used as tests in many professions: for teachers, for newspaper writers, for librarians, and for general conversationalists. Some find them a bore and very silly; others think them far better fun than either bridge or cribbage. When all has been said against them, the fact remains that many intelligent and agreeable persons do enjoy them very much. They are delightfully parodied in Mr. Phillips's amusing "Foolish Question Book."

## Art

**ROBERT FIELD. Portrait Painter in Oils, Miniature and Water Colours and Engraver.** By Harry Piers. Frederic Fairchild Sherman, New York. $20.

Field is supposed to have been born in 1769; he died in 1819 in the island of Jamaica. His work was done in the United States, in Nova Scotia and other British possessions. He was a British subject. He painted American colonial and Revolutionary soldiers and worthies, English naval officers, and leaders of Canada and the United States. This handsome book is illustrated with many reproductions of his work, including a portrait of Jefferson and a miniature of Washington.

## Nature

**RUNAWAY DAYS.** By Samuel Scoville, Jr. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.50.

John Burroughs being dead, Mr. Scoville is our favorite writer on the birds, beasts, and flowers of America. Mr. Beebe is his successful rival in foreign lands; but Mr. Scoville's adventures are here at home. There is no failure in all the thirteen essays in this book. His spirit is right; his knowledge is modestly exhibited; his humor pleasing. A first-rate book of its kind.

## Science

**AN EXPERIMENT WITH TIME.** By J. W. Dunne. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

An abstruse discussion of time, based upon some remarkable dreams. The dreams and their fulfillment are marvelous; the resulting conclusions are only for readers who can pursue philosophical abstractions to their caves and dwelling-places and meet them on their own ground.

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THE OUTLOOK wishes to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspaper. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. Cartoons should be mailed flat, not rolled. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost payment to which they were entitled because they failed to give the information which we require. It is impossible for us to acknowledge or return cartoons which prove unavailable for publication.

The Editors of
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# Financial Department

## Conducted by WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. The Financial Editor regrets that he cannot undertake the discussion of more than five issues of stocks or bonds in reply to any one inquirer. All letters should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 120 East 16th Street,

## Real Estate Bonds

IT is an axiom of investing that money put into well-located land and buildings, through the medium of conservative first mortgages, is very safely placed. Before the rise of modern industrial and public utility corporations mortgages were bought and sold almost as freely as first-mortgage bonds are today. Trustees, institutions, individuals, invested in this form of security. It was —and is—stable, steady, safe.

To a very considerable extent the real estate mortgage bond has taken the place of the straight mortgage as a medium for investments. But it is not accurate to say that the substitution is perfect. There are essential differences which should be understood. In the first place, the straight mortgage was represented by a note signed by the owner of the property; the modern mortgage bond is, in a sense, a fractional mortgage note which is put out through the medium of a corporation or house of issue. Thus the investor in the mortgage bond finds between himself and the owner of the property an intermediary which may become so involved as to impair the value of the note itself.

In the second place, and equally important, the straight mortgage was a mortgage on completed property. The modern real estate mortgage bond is sold, as a rule, as a construction mortgage—that is to say, as a lien on a property about to be created or in process of creation. Hence the higher interest return, and hence, perhaps, the reason for the feeling on the part of many bankers that there is risk in this class of bonds.

These two differences are important and call for careful study of each individual bond issue by the prospective buyer.

Those of our readers who have sought information from this department in regard to real estate first-mortgage bonds have always been advised by us to examine the available data about the issue with a view to making their decision after convincing themselves that the issue is well secured, and that the property is likely to be a steadily earning property. We have always pointed out that it is unwise to buy a real estate mortgage bond issued by the A. B. C. Corporation *just because* it is issued by the A. B. C. Corporation. If the corporation is well established and has a reputation for integrity, the fact of its sponsorship of the issue is important. But more important to the bond-owner is the fact that the obligation is in and of itself a sound lien on the right kind of property.

It is an unfortunate fact that some Nationally prominent real estate bond mortgage houses have had difficulties which have, to some extent, affected the value of some of the bonds put out by them. The essential soundness of the real estate mortgage bond, however, is not affected by these incidents. It must be remembered that even the holders of some straight first mortgages find themselves now and again with unsalable and non-paying notes on their hands. It is also true that during the course of the year there are many instances of first-mortgage bonds put out by local banking interests which, for one reason or another, turn "sour."

In this connection a recent statement by the head of one of the largest and most conservative houses originating securities of this type is of interest. I quote only part of it:

> There may be those who resort to unsound practices as the result of inexperience or through a lack of financial responsibility or moral integrity, but such instances do not disprove the fact that the real estate bond is founded on sound banking principles. During the past six months many banks have failed in various parts of the country, but this does not prove anything against the banking system of the country. Isolated cases of mismanagement may be found in any line of business.
>
> It is significant that such conservative institutions as banks and trust companies and their subsidiaries are originating or participating in the issuance of real estate bonds on a steadily increasing scale. Since the first of the year, for example, according to their own public announcements, those institutions have either originated or participated in 27 per cent of the real estate bond issues publicly announced, in addition to a considerable amount sold privately by these concerns. This is about 9 per cent more than they sold during the same period of 1926.

It is my opinion that it is right and consistent with a sound public policy that all institutions underwriting real estate bonds should be under competent State or Federal supervision so that the interests of investors shall be given every safeguard. I believe also that this same supervision should be applied to all types of investment securities whether they be stock or bonds. Undoubtedly, we are tending more and more in this country to regulate and supervise investments sold to the public and I believe sooner or later there will be Governmental regulation of all investment securities.

Of very great significance are the recommendations of the National Association of Real Estate Brokers to safeguard the interests of investors. I print them in full, as follows:

1. No appraiser should accept an order for a valuation for which his employment is contingent upon his appraisal reaching a certain value.
2. The practice of having one appraiser make the valuation of land and another of the building and using the total of the two as the true value is unsound, and is condemned, as is also the practice of basing the appraisal entirely on the capitalized value of the net income. In appraisals for bond issues where more than one appraiser participates, all of the appraisers estimating the separate units of value, including income, should reconcile their respective appraisals and sign a joint report.
3. An appraisal report should state the conditions under which the valuation obtains, and should be in detail, upon a standard form furnished by the National Association of Real Estate Boards.
4. An appraiser should have no interest in the property which is being appraised unless his interest is specifically disclosed in the appraisal report.
5. An appraisal for a bond issue should in addition to showing the fair cash market value of the property also show the appraiser's estimate of gross earnings, operating expenses, and resulting net income. In case the capitalization of the net income and the valuation are not reconciled, the reasons for the difference should be explained.
6. All advertisements of bond issues should give the name or names and addresses of the appraisers, and should quote sufficiently from the appraisal

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report, both as to physical value and income, to reflect correctly the opinion and judgment of the appraiser, and certified copies of the full appraisal report should be available to the public at all times.

7. The proceeds of bonds secured by uncompleted buildings should be segregated for the account and uses of the particular building upon which such bonds are issued, and should be absolutely protected from the general risks of the business of the issuing house.

8. Payments by the borrower on account of principal, interest, and taxes should be segregated for the account of those uses and should be protected from the general risks of the business of the issuing house.

9. Where the underwriting house, or any person connected therewith, has any financial interest in the building or enterprise securing these bonds except commissions for selling the same, such interest should be disclosed in all advertisements of the bonds and such house or person should not act in any transaction relating to the same as a trustee for the benefit of the bondholders, and in all cases the name and address of the trustee of the bond issue should be given.

10. The title "first mortgage real estate bonds" should be used only when the bonds are a first lien on both land and buildings.

11. The title "first mortgage leasehold bonds" should be used where such bonds are a first lien upon the leasehold.

12. Mortgage houses in issuing statements of appraisals on which they base their issues should specifically state in connection therewith that to the best of their knowledge and belief such appraisals are sound. Any offering of real estate mortgage bonds should clearly state the ratio the loan bears to the appraised value of the property to be mortgaged.

13. Every real estate bond issue should provide for amortization of the debt to offset depreciation and obsolescence.

14. Circulars and advertisements should fully, frankly, and adequately disclose all pertinent information relative to the issues offered, and should give the name or names and addresses of the appraisers and should quote sufficiently from the appraisal report, both as to physical value and income, to reflect correctly the opinion and judgment of the appraisers, and certified copies of the full appraisal report should be available to the public at all times.

15. Completion of buildings where there is a bond issue should be adequately guaranteed.

16. We recommend to member boards of the National Association of Real Estate Boards that they investigate any complaint which may be made to them with respect to any appraisal made for a real estate bond issue and if necessary that they hold a hearing giving the various parties at interest an opportunity of stating their case, and that a record of such proceedings be filed with the National Association of Real Estate Boards.

In conclusion, we can only repeat what we have said many times before. Examine the real estate mortgage bond as you would any other investment. Realize that it, like any other investment, is subject to certain risks, most of which can be minimized. Remember that there is no absolutely safe investment. But realize that there is nothing fundamentally unsound in the real estate mortgage *per se*.

# Some Investment Questions

TO keep in the fashion, this Department has prepared the following list of questions. Answers will be supplied on request and without charge unless they relate to the inquirer's particular investment problem. Many of the answers can be found in recent articles in this department:

1. What is an investment?
2. What is an investment trust?
3. What is the difference between an ordinary bond and an "income bond"?
4. Why is some common stock without par value?
5. What are "gold" bonds, why are they so called, and what is the origin of the term?
6. What does "indorsed in blank" mean and to what does it apply?
7. When is a first-mortgage bond not a first mortgage?
8. How can you tell whether a financial magazine or newspaper is genuine or not?
9. What are some of the sure signs of high-pressure stock salesmanship?
10. When are stocks high?
11. When are they low?
12. What are the tests of a good real estate bond?
13. What is the difference between an executor and an administrator?
14. What are the functions of a stock transfer agent?
15. How does ownership in bonds pass from one person to another? Is it always in that way alone?
16. What is the difference between an investment and a speculation?


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GOVERNESS. Refined, educated Frenchwoman. 7,878, Outlook. Phone Yonkers 3173.

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TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $16. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

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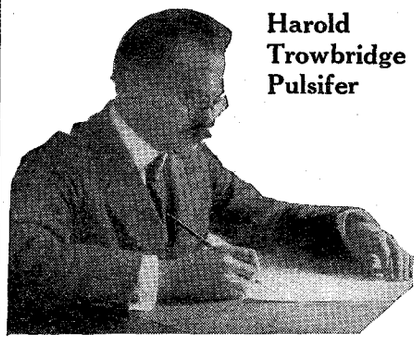

Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer

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# "Twenty Questions" on General Information

## Answered in this issue of The Outlook

Give yourself 5 points for each question correctly answered. One hundred points is a perfect score. You can find the correct solution on the pages cited.

1. Give within ten million the population of Japan? (P. 250.)

2. In what province of China is Mukden? (P. 250.)

3. What is the name of the present Emperor of Japan? (P. 252.)

4. Who composed "The Rhapsody in Blue"? (P. 253.)

5. Who composed "The King's Henchman"? (P. 253.)

6. What is "Roxy's" last name? (P. 254.)

7. How old is the Stars and Stripes? (P. 235.)

8. In what year did the Wright Brothers first make a flight? (P. 246.)

9. From where did they fly? (P. 246.)

10. What is the last name of the President of Ireland? (P. 239.)

11. In what city is the Acropolis? (P. 239.)

12. Who are entitled to receive the National salute? (P. 243.)

13. What was Disraeli's English title? (P. 242.)

14. What is the ancient capital city of Korea (Chosen)? (P. 250.)

15. Who called Disraeli "the old Jew"? (P. 242.)

16. What is the last name of the Premier of France? (P. 239.)

17. What was the first airplane to cross the Atlantic? (P. 248.)

18. In what year was this flight made? (P. 248.)

19. In the detection of susceptibility to what disease is the Schick test used? (P. 238.)

20. Who acquired the Suez Canal for the English? (P. 243.)

# Free for All

## A Classic Gift

I WANT to thank you for the attention you have given to Captain Lindbergh, especially in your issue of June 8, regarding the gift of 150,000 francs from Mme. Meurthe, in which you commend the action of the hero in devoting the money for the benefit of the families of the French aviators who have laid down their lives for the progress of aviation. This action reminds us of the action of the United States regarding the Boxers in China.

As you say, it should become a classic. The Outlook is great.

A. T. BREWER.

Cleveland, Ohio.

## The Burden of Colonies

MAY a remote Australian reader of The Outlook—interesting to me and profitable to read as an epitome of the best American journalism—be allowed to enter a mild protest against a statement made in the number for January 26 by the Rev U. S. Bartz in connection with the war debt discussion.

The reverend gentleman wants the fact hammered in that the Allies "enriched themselves with colonial territories—I presume he means those taken from the Germans. As Britain got what probably would be called by her traducers the "lion's share," it is necessary to point out that there was no enrichment business about it. These German colonies were taken purely as a precautionary measure against possible aggression in the future, and, so far from being a means of enrichment, they have mostly been the cause of much trouble and expense. The only possible way in which they may give any benefit is in trade, and Britain's policy in this respect allows her no advantage whatever over the United States, which has equal benefits without any responsibilities. The mandatory system under which these ex-German colonies are held under the League of Nations prevents their exploitation in the way Mr. Bartz suggests. Australia has a mandate over some islands in the Pacific which, I dare say, she would be very glad to hand over to the United States to administer on British principles of trading equality.

The United States could have had her share of these mandated territories for her "enrichment," but she knew better than to have anything to do with them.

J. M. FOWLER.

Melbourne, Australia.

[The long trip to Melbourne taken by The Outlook for January 26 and the long trip from Melbourne taken by Mr. Fowler's letter explain in part the lapse of time between the text and the commentary. Germany is looking for colonies. Is Australia or Great Britain willing to hand the ex-German colonies back? We hope not, for the sake of the colonies; but it does not seem that Germany would be any more likely to use her colonies as a base for aggression than she is to use her industries, which Great Britain has been very glad to promote.—THE EDITORS.]

# Contributors' Gallery

THERE'S an unusual group of articles dealing with aviation in this issue of The Outlook. An announcement on page 243 gives the record of the authors of these articles.

CHARLES L. BUCHANAN will be remembered for his sane criticisms of music and the drama. Mr. Buchanan has a very constructive attitude toward the modern tendencies in the arts and firm faith in America's development along these lines. He has been associated with the "Bookman" and the "Independent" and contributed to various musical publications.

FOR the benefit of any of our readers who are not fortunate enough to be acquainted with Adachi Kinnosuke, we will state that he is a Japanese journalist who has lived in America for some years. He has written numerous articles for The Outlook, principally side-lights on his native country.

CARL L. CANNON, who writes "The Price of Books" in this number, is a graduate of the University of Kansas and a veteran of the Great War, in which he was wounded in action. He is in charge of the book-ordering section of the New York Public Library.

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## "Twenty Questions" on General Information

1. Who is known as "G. B." in England? (P. 278.)
2. What is the capital of the Belgians? (P. 279.)
3. What is the last name of the President of the Soviet Republics? (P. 280.)
4. What two ocean liners both claim first place as the largest passenger steamers? (P. 285.)
5. In the United States, what is the first regular passenger air line in the East? (P. 287.)
6. Who wrote "Three Men in a Boat"? (P. 288.)
7. Who wrote "My Lady Nicotine"? (P. 289.)
8. Who is the new National Open Golf Champion? (P. 271.)
9. Who is dictator of northern China? (P. 271.)
10. Who drew up the Declaration of Independence? (P. 276.)
11. What is the seaport of ancient Rome? (P. 274.)
12. What is the name of de Pinedo's plane? (P. 275.)
13. Where is Governors Island? (P. 274.)
14. What was Commander Byrd's great feat? (P. 273.)
15. Who is head of the American delegation at the Naval Conference at Geneva? (P. 267.)
16. What was George Eliot's real name? (P. 292.)
17. What is Colonel Lindbergh's middle name? (P. 274.)
18. What country has fueling stations at Malta, Aden, and Colombo? (P. 284.)
19. What famous character in English fiction planned a ride from the Golden Cross to Rochester? (P. 271.)
20. Of what great corporation is Elbert H. Gary Chairman of the Board? (P. 272.)

## Contributors' Gallery

CAPTAIN L. M. OVERSTREET, of the United States Navy, is not unknown to Outlook readers. The last article we published was in defense of the American merchant marine. This article expresses the point of view of a Navy man on the subject which is being debated at this very time at the Conference for Limitation of Naval Armaments. Captain Overstreet only recently returned from his four years' tour with the United States Naval Mission in Brazil, and is now on the U. S. S. Wyoming.

MAURICE HINDUS does not write of Russia from the information of a passing tourist. He was born there, and emigrated to this country at the age of thirteen. He is a graduate of Colgate, and also has done post-graduate work at Harvard. He is the author of numerous magazine articles and two books on Russian peasantry, "The Russian Peasant and the Revolution" and "Broken Earth." Mr. Hindus is traveling in Russia at the present time.

HAROLD A. HOLBROOK graduated from Williams College last year, and is now on the staff of the New York "Herald Tribune." As his article tells, he is one of those who have recently received a new enthusiasm for flying.


# The Outlook

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THE PRESIDENT

## *To Readers of The Outlook:*

For many years The Outlook Company has endeavored to share with its readers in a tangible way the benefits which it has received from their continued support. To all its subscribers it has annually sent co-operative certificates for the use of those who might desire to introduce The Outlook to the circle of their friends. These certificates have been used by thousands of our subscribers to their own advantage and to the advantage of men and women all over the globe who have been searching for an authoritative interpretation of the news of the world.

Certificates for your use in the summer of 1927 are now ready. It will be to your advantage and to ours if you will indicate in the space below the number of certificates which you are certain to need for your friends, and mail this blank without delay to The Outlook Company.

This year only a limited number of certificates can be distributed, and I am taking this method of appealing directly to those who can use them to advantage. Remember that each certificate which is accepted by a friend of a present subscriber is of material value to the subscriber who distributes it.

Faithfully yours,

Harold T Pulsifer

President

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My Dear Mr. Pulsifer:

Please send me ..... certificates to distribute among my friends.

Name.....

Address.....

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